



COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Moderation Wins
TWO highly important things have happened this week at the annual convention of the British Trades Union Congress. One was the decision to seek moderate wage claims; the other, the complete rout of Communist candidates during election to the General Council which controls and administers the TUC.

Although at first sight these two actions do not appear to be closely associated, in point of fact one was very dependent on the other. Had the resolution for restrained wage claims failed to receive endorsement, the election of one or more Communist trade union leaders to the Council would have become inevitable. And such extremists holding key positions in the TUC would have jeopardised the splendid moderating influence of the Congress on trade unionism in Britain.

THE continued eclipse of the Communists as principal office-holders in the TUC does not, however, mean that they will remain in obscurity insofar as their own unions are concerned. They are not likely to abdicate their self-asserted rights to be trouble-makers merely because they have been rejected by the TUC. They can be expected to continue promoting wildcat strikes, the aims of which are to create industrial chaos.

But the majority of the trade unionists of Britain have declared themselves against these extremists, and therefore against their policies which, among other things, include excessive and embarrassing wage demands, unrealistic working conditions, and eventually elimination of the basic principles of British trade unionism.

THE British nation as a whole has reason to feel reassured by the decisions reached this week by the TUC. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to be helped, not hindered in his efforts to restore the nation's financial position. And the impact of the Southport deliberations and judgments on Britain's friends overseas will most certainly be favourable.

The TUC conference of 1955 has once again proved the level-headedness of Britain's trade unionists. It also re-establishes the claim that Britain leads the world in the practical application of principles on which democratic trade unionism is based.

Release Of Americans: Final Agreement Expected Today

Needling Operations Against Reds

TOKYO, Sept. 9.—Communist China said today that US-built warplanes operated by Nationalist China flew 755 sorties over Red Chinese coastal areas during August.

Five Nationalist planes were damaged by Red anti-aircraft guns, the Communists claimed in a dispatch broadcast by Radio Peking.

The report was a Communist summary of Nationalist operations during August in the Formosa Strait little war. It also claimed:

1. Nationalist artillery units on Quemoy Island fired more than 370 shells at Red islands, mainland positions and cargo steamers.

SNEAK LANDING

2. Two "small bands" of armed Nationalist troops from Quemoy, one of the Nationalist offshore islands, "made a sneak landing" on Communist shores.

3. The Communists killed a Nationalist Company commander and a walkie-talkie operator during a raid on the mainland Fukien coast.

4. The Reds in repelling a mainland raid captured a squad leader and three soldiers as well as two light machine-guns, four carbines, a pistol, a signal gun and a walkie-talkie.

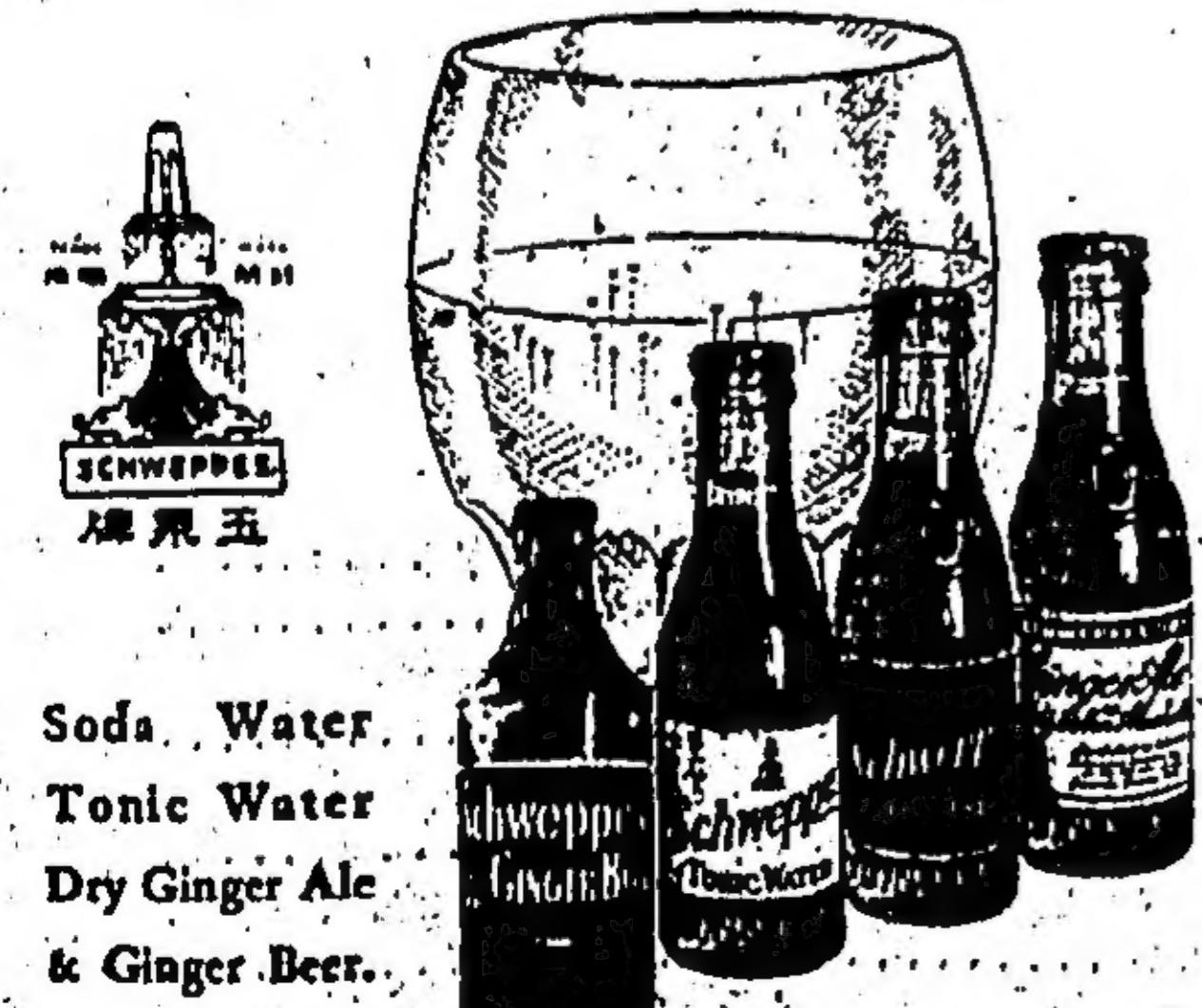
5. Five Nationalist soldiers from Quemoy "surrendered" to the Communists, bringing with them two heavy machine-guns, a motor-junk and more than 1,000 rounds of ammunition.—United Press.

MOTHER RESCUES SON FROM RIVER

TWICKENHAM, Sept. 9.—Mrs. Jean Wilson, 24, dived into the Thames from her motor cruiser home at Twickenham to rescue her son, Derrick, aged 2.

He had slipped through the hole in a wire netting surrounding part of the deck used as a play pen. Derrick and Mrs. Wilson were both pulled into a dinghy by another river dweller and were unhurt.—China Mail Special.

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4 PRINCIPAL CONDITIONS OUTLINED

Washington, Sept. 9.

Officials here were highly optimistic today about the chances of agreement being reached between the United States and Communist Chinese ambassadors in Geneva tomorrow on the release of some 29 American civilians still being held in Communist China.

An important announcement on the repatriation question is expected to emerge from tomorrow's meeting between the Chinese Ambassador to Poland, Mr. Wang Ping-nan, and the United States Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, Mr. Alexis Johnson, who have been conferring for five weeks in Geneva.

Unless there is some last-minute changes in these extremely delicate negotiations, the agreement is expected to be announced along the following lines.

ASSURANCES

1. Communist China would give assurances that all Americans who wished to do so would be permitted to leave China expeditiously subject to the completion of any Chinese Communists' judicial procedures involved. This might provide for the deportation of American citizens now being held in gaol or under house arrest in China.

2. The United States would give assurances that all Chinese students in the United States who wished to return to Communist China are being permitted to do so.

3. The Indian Embassy in Washington would be available to any Chinese citizens in the United States who might feel that they were not receiving the proper treatment from authorities here in their efforts to return to China.

4. The British Embassy in Peking would correspondingly be available to any United States citizens in Communist China who felt that obstacles were being placed in the way of their return to the United States.

THE SECOND ITEM

If agreement is finalised along these lines at tomorrow's meeting between the United States and Chinese Communist ambassadors it would clear the way for consideration of the second item on their agenda which is to consider "other practical matters at issue" between the two countries. The Chinese Communists may raise under this head such subjects as security in the Formosan area and the representation of China in the United Nations.—Reuter.

GOOD RESULTS FROM NOVEL OPERATION

Chicago, Sept. 9.—Only 14 of the first 108 children to undergo "blue baby" operations have died in the past eight years, a report in the Journal of the American Medical Association said today.

The operation provides a new and wider passage from the heart to the lungs, bypassing a constriction which prevents the blood from getting enough oxygen and gives a blue colour to the skin of afflicted children. The report was made by Dr. Wills J. Poits, who devised the operation in 1945, and other physicians among children operated on at the Children's Memorial Hospital here.

It said that 68 of the living children were in good condition, 10 were fair, one was in poor condition, and one was unimproved.

Of the 14 children who died, nine died in the hospital and five died at home after showing varying degrees of improvement.

The 68 children in good condition "live more or less normal lives," said the report.—United Press.

The French envoys, General Georges Catroux and the Foreign Ministry Cabinet chief, Henri Yrsissou, are expected to return to Paris on Sunday to report to Premier Edgar Faure's inner Cabinet.

In Paris, informed sources said a special Cabinet meeting may be held on Sunday night to decide on the next steps to be taken to end the unrest in Morocco, which has cost thousands of lives since Ben Youcef was packed off into exile two years ago.—United Press.

Another soldier in a barrack room heard gasps and a thud. Russell was lying on the floor having apparently been electrocuted. Russell's home was in Aldridge, Lancashire.—China Mail Special.

Lennox-Boyd's Tour Economist Analyses Results

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: Despair in the desert: Richard Pape's harrowing experience in the Sahara.

Alexander Broad writes about the new Chicago.

P. 6: Great cases of Scotland Yard's great detectives: Percy Hopkins' second article in our new series.

David Burke reports on the 'teen-age terror in Cyprus.

P. 7: A Did It Happen? story.

P. 8: Hope for a cancer cure, by Chapman Pincher.

Jill Craigie asks why men believe in dream girls like Marilyn Monroe and Gina Lollobrigida.

P. 13: George Gale, author of "No Flies in China," writes on IRA activities in Dublin.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

Morocco Problem

Exiled Sultan To Go To France

ANTIRABE, Sept. 9.

The exiled Moroccan Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, has signed an agreement providing for his return to France and the creation of a throne council to rule Morocco, informed sources said tonight.

Ben Youssef's talks with the special envoys of the French government ended tonight with an exchange of letters between the two parties.

The text of the letters was not immediately made known, but it was believed that they provided for Ben Youssef's transfer from this spot, thousands of miles from his home, to France by October 15.

It was uncertain whether Ben Youssef agreed to renounce all claims to the throne, as French Conservatives and clericals have demanded.

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Electrocuted By Radio Set

MALDSTON, Sept. 9.

Sapper Oliver Russell, 21, Royal Engineers, Invicta Lines, Maldstone, lost his life while working on his wireless set last night.

Another soldier in a barrack room heard gasps and a thud. Russell was lying on the floor having apparently been electrocuted. Russell's home was in Aldridge, Lancashire.—China Mail Special.

MACMILLAN'S SECURITY PLAN BLUEPRINT Prepared For Big 4 Geneva Talks

London, Sept. 9.

British Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan is taking to New York this month blueprints of a three-point European security plan as a basis for the Big Four Geneva October conference, diplomatic sources said today.

Mr Macmillan will discuss the plan with US Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and French Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay when they meet in New York on Sept. 27, and with German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano the following day.

The British plan is essentially a detailed elaboration of the originally proposed five-power pact to include the other members of the West European Union—Italy and the Benelux countries—as well as some of the European Communist countries.

The British concept, however, continues to be based on the idea of a unified Germany and the establishment of a demilitarised buffer zone between the two camps.—United Press.

CENTREPIECE

The centrepiece on the British plan is a proposed security pact between the Western Big Three, Russia and Germany, and some of the other European satellites.

This is a modification of the original Eden plan for a five-power pact between the US, Britain, France, Russia and Germany, which the Soviets rejected at Geneva.

It is also a compromise between the original five-power pact idea and the Soviet proposal for an all-European security pact which would include all the European nations, plus the US and Communist China as observers.

Premier Bulgarian intimated in private talks in Geneva that he

8,000

BROADCAST AMNESTY

Singapore, Sept. 9.

An estimated 8,000 men, women and children paraded today through 11 villages around Kuala Lumpur in Johore province, broadcasting terms of the amnesty offer and shouting to terrorists in the nearby jungle to surrender.

The paraders carried banners and beat drums as they followed gaily-decorated trucks broadcasting the amnesty terms.

Some of the trucks moved along the fringe of the jungle area regarded as one of the heavily concentrated areas of Communist terrorists.

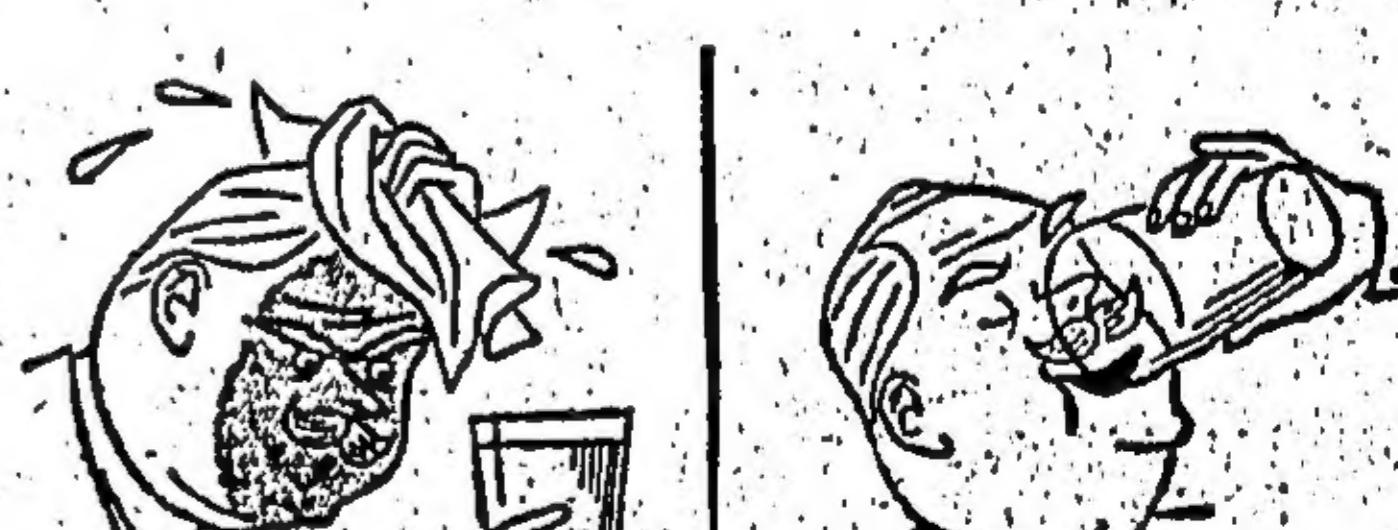
All shops, offices and cinemas were closed in support of the demonstration organised by the Alliance Party.—United Press.

HOUSE-LIFTING

Stockholm, Sept. 9.

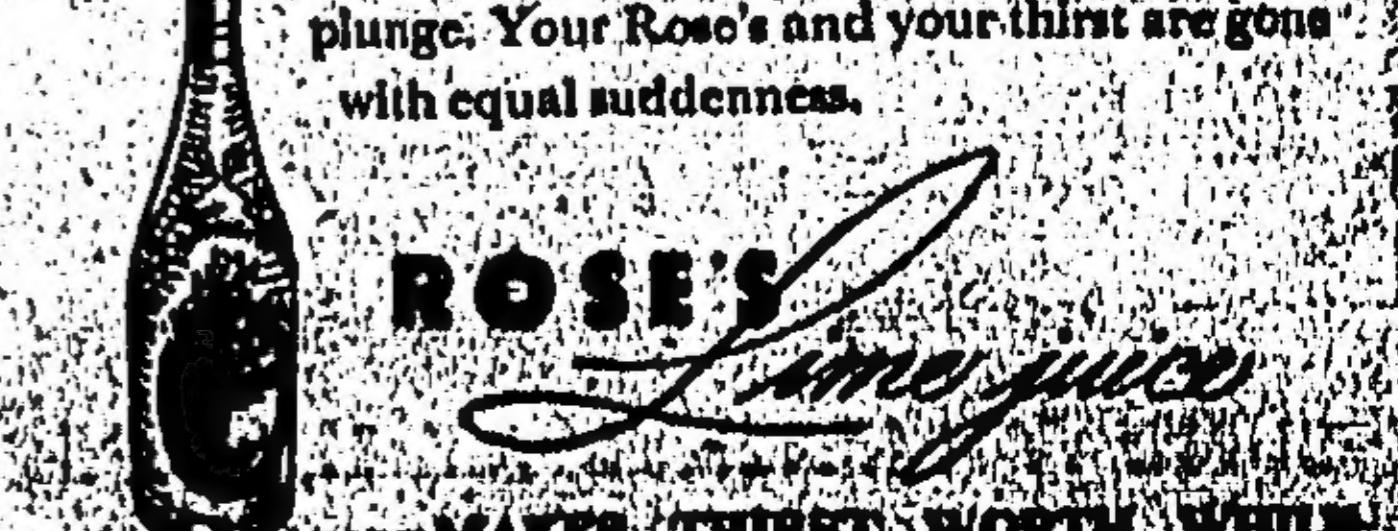
Somebody stole a house near here last night.

The police announced that a wooden summer house, situated on a little lake at Solna, north of here, was dismantled and carried off by thieves.—France Press.



Quick Quench

According to one definition, a pessimist is a man who says his glass is half empty and an optimist one who says his glass is half full. The true devotee of Rose's Lime Juice drains his glass in one swift, silent draught, thereby falling into the category of realists. This cooling nectar, squeezed from the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit, calls for no half measures and no hovering on the brink. You plunge. Your Rose's and your thirst are gone with equal suddenness.



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SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: Fox Technicolor Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

FILMS *China Mail* BY JANE ROBERTS

John Payne is the sturdy fellow who saves everyone and gets the girl in "Santa Fe Passage", but he doesn't get the cream all the way.

His introduction to the audience as the guard of a pioneer wagon train is hardly a recommendation. He and his friend imaging that they are the equal in guile of the Indians, only to find that while they are bargaining and carousing with a small party, the main party is busy massacring would-be settlers they were supposed to have been protecting.

And here I would like to register a protest against the inclusion of a shot of three mauled victims of the massacre. It's harrowing enough to hear of the brutal torturing of men, women and children practised by the Indians—it's cheap sensationalism to show a small wounded boy and reproduce his agonised sobbing on the soundtrack. I like to enjoy my westerns—give me fight galore among fully grown adults, but please keep out direct references to the ill-treatment of children.

But back to the Passage. That much-publicised Howard Hughes spent a fortune in grooming, lips her way into Payne's heart as they ride towards Santa Fe and although it's a very routine role, Faith Domergue provides very decorative romantic interest for him.

Perhaps the colour could have been sharper but the story has a certain originality and Faith Domergue provides a directness of approach not often found in horse heroines.

Doesn't Like Redskins

After his supposed defection to the Indians John Payne finds his stock as a scout is extremely low and it's not until the leader of a Mexican wagon train decides to believe his story that bad luck rather than treachery caused the previous disaster, that he finds work.

Rod Cameron, though the leader of the entourage, is partnered in a somewhat suspect gun-running project, by Faith Domergue. After her original antagonism against Payne has abated, she explains that the guns are not for the Indians, but to help in the Mexican war which apparently makes it all right.

What she neglects to tell him is that she is partly Indian herself—and Payne has already made it quite clear to Miss Domergue and the audience alike that he hates all Indians and especially half breeds.

To make matters even more complicated for our hero, Mr Cameron shows his teeth over the meaning glances beginning to become obvious between his prospective wife and the brawny scoundrel.

However, if you're tempted to shout "Look behind you master", hold it, because as you've probably guessed, it all comes out all right in the end.

Beauty In A Space Suit

We seem to be seeing a lot of Faith Domergue recently, but space suits and western outfits can hardly be what Howard Hughes had in mind for her when he listed her as the third of his great discoveries (the other two being Jean Harlow and Jane Russell).

In "This Island Earth" she is a nuclear fusion expert whisked off to an interstellar planet known as "Metaluna" together

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Hell's Island", Crooks, killers and a dangerous woman search for a stolen ruby on a Caribbean island. John Payne, Mary Murphy and Francis L. Sullivan.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Prodigi". The story of Micah, son of Eli. Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom and Louis Calheren.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Santa Fe Passage". A western. John Payne and Faith Domergue.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Vera Cruz". Two soldiers of fortune use the Mexican uprising against Maximilian for their own purposes. Bart Lancaster, Gary Cooper, Cesario Romero and Denise Darcel.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Ulysses". "The Odyssey" adapted for the screen. Kirk Douglas and Silvana Mangano with Anthony Quinn and Rossana Podesta.

COMING

EMPIRE: "Reap the Wild Wind". Adventure. Ray Milland, John Wayne, Paulette Goddard, Susan Hayward and Robert Preston.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "This Island Earth". Rockets, space ships and a green ray. Jeff Morrow and Faith Domergue.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Hit the Deck". A peppy musical with a talented cast. Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Martin, Vic Damone, Ann Miller and Russ Tamblyn.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Night My Number Came Up". An aircraft crash is foretold in a dream. Michael Redgrave, Alexander Knox, Denholm Elliott and Sheila Sim.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Tall Man Riding". A western. Randolph Scott, Anthony Malone and Peggie Castle.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Seven Year Itch". The moral is not to go on holiday leaving your husband to the mercy of the girl next door. Marilyn Monroe.

Before the picture traces the full circle and shows Ulysses returning to claim his faithful wife and defeat their joint enemies at the court, we accompany him on his adventures. Blown off course while returning from the Trojan War, he is forced to spend several years in parts of the world unknown to the Greeks of that period and it was only natural that the people of his kingdom should think him dead.

Naturally, the seven writers responsible for the screenplay have concentrated on his dalliance with such lures as Nausicaa and Circe, but they have whitewashed him to a certain extent by letting Silvana Mangano play the part of both his wife Penelope and the siren Circe.

Although she plays both with the unsmiling air of doom that is characteristic of most of her screen performances, she is so lovely and her eyes so expressive it does not become irritating as it would with many other actresses less poised and aloof.

I could have picked many more likely candidates for the part of Ulysses than Kirk Douglas, but although he plays his part with the gusto of a range rider and delivers his more emotional lines with the concentration of a schoolboy at a prize-giving, there is some feeling for the wonderful story, behind all the swashbuckling treatment.

It starts off slowly, and not until Anthony Quinn—the only other American in the cast—strides on to the set does there appear to be any life in the picture. The whole court of Penelope moves with an air of uncertainty, and in fact, the whole picture, in spite of the very trite dialogue has the quality of a fairy story, especially in the Cyclops sequence.

However, the audience seems to like it very much. The oohs and aahs, and hisses of taken breath were from an unmistakably impressed gathering—must be something to do with one woman's ham being many people's caviare.

Bed-time For The Novice?

There is nothing ethereal about "The Prodigal". The fantasy faintly glimpsed behind "Ulysses" is not even allowed to creep into the rites of the worshippers of the heather goddess Asturie.

Lana Turner plays the High Priestess of the goddess with the healthy directness of a Brooklyn babe walking down a New York street in search of a new mink.

As for Edmund Purdom, his diction and his profile—not to mention his flashing teeth—seem to be his main care.

Louis Calheren and Francis L. Sullivan make an excellent couple of pantomime villains and there's a rather sweet little girl whom Lana Turner is supposed to be initiating into the rites of High Priestesshood.

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Having seen both "The Prodigal" and "Ulysses" on the same day, I am having a great deal of difficulty in comparing, contrasting and assessing their respective values as entertainment, so alike are they.

True, one is a Biblical parable and the other a Greek myth, but both have their roots in the past and both have been given modern "spectacular" treatment. Each has a glamour girl in the leading female part.

Still, a slimmed-down Lana Turner in some very gorgeous costumes—consisting mostly of gowns—is able to look at, and I liked the older sharp colouring, with some of the processes that are supposed to be used, natural in tone.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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THE 11TH DAY



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GERMAN WOMEN SEEKING "MATES"

Frankfurt. Many lonely German women are advertising in newspapers for husbands.

"**Males Wanted**," said a heading in the Frankfurter Abendpost. Below it are more than 100 advertisements.

The West German Government has estimated there are more than two million women between 21 and 45 in Germany who have never married, and more than 500,000 widows. This is because so many German men and boys were killed in World War Two.

Advertisements seeking husbands fill pages of weekend newspapers. Special sections of some glossy magazines are set aside for them. "Lonely hearts" agencies are booming, on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

"Farmer's widow, blonde, good-looking, healthy, seeks quickest connections with farmer, widower with children not excluded," says an ad in an East German newspaper.

A woman in another paper gives her age as 39 and says bluntly: "I am very lonesome, I am always alone."

Many a trullin lays it on the line that she is looking for a man with a bank account. Some use their own bank accounts as a lure, along with beauty and breeding.

One woman says she comes from a "good official's family." A 32-year-old secretary says she comes from "a good home." A "charming" woman of 36 has nothing more than a driver's license.

Not all the women are out to lead men to the altar. A 19-year-old factory owner's daughter asks simply for a "discreet" contact with the right man. She says she is charming, "sport loving" and has her own car. Another woman, 35, advertises for a "weekend partner."

Men avail themselves of the ad columns, too, and some papers divide their "mates wanted" columns into two sections—"he looks for her" and "she looks for him"—so one will waste time reading the wrong section.

Canada Looks To The North

Montreal. Members of McGill University's summer geographical school, are seeking ways of exploiting potential iron ore deposits in both the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions.

The ultimate aim, according to a spokesman, is to "exploit and defend these resources effectively in the event of a wartime period."

A total of 36 of the 80 students attending the summer school come from the United States. Evasive when it comes to a downright discussion and explanation of their "mission in Canada," the five colonels and some minor ranks loudly praised McGill for its vast stock of scientific brilliance.

"McGill leads the entire continent in Northern geography," one of the higher-ranking officers observed, "there is a fantastic development underway in the Canadian sub-Arctic and the Arctic."

During his warm praise for the talent and scientific ability that makes McGill one of the finest universities of its kind in the continent, the USAF officer said, "time is running out. Russia and other northern European countries are well ahead of us. They have sizable cities in the Arctic and sub-Arctic, and are exploiting northern resources with much effectiveness."

The school which is conducting the Arctic and sub-Arctic research was founded by Professor George Kimble, a distinguished British geographer. It is directed by Professor J. B. Bird, another British-trained geographer. —United Press.

'FALSE' ALARM

London. Police joined Cardiff half-back, Ielyn Jones, in his frantic search around the penalty area at Highbury Park immediately after the Cardiff-Ansley match last month. The search was successful. They found his false "wife" —United Press.

From London: Explorers Prepare For A Trans-Antarctica March.

From Frankfurt: German Women Advertise In Newspapers For Husbands.

From Montreal: Canada Looks North For New Mining And Development Projects.

From New York: Now They Can Distinguish Between Poisonous And Non-poisonous Mushrooms.

They Plan To March 2,000 Miles Across Antarctic Ice And Snow

London. George Lowe, a New Zealand school teacher who likes to climb mountains and explore new country, pointed at a map of Antarctica and said, in a matter-of-fact voice: "That's where we plan to land."

His finger rested on an area marked "Vahsel Bay" about 1,000 miles from the South Pole.

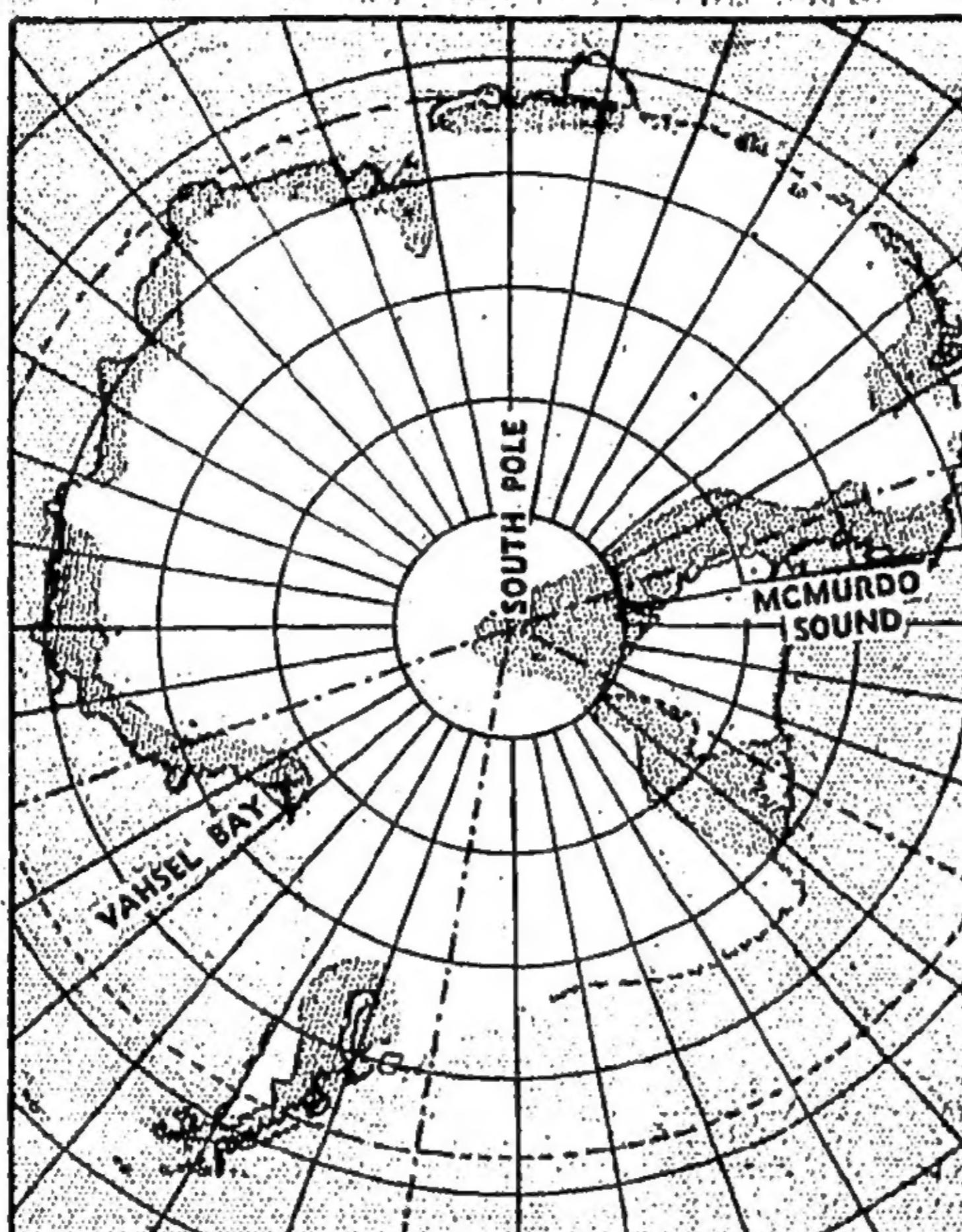
"We don't know yet how hard it will be to set up a camp at Vahsel Bay," Lowe said and added: "as far as we know, nobody has ever done it before."

The Vahsel Bay camp is to be the main base for the British team crossing the Antarctic continent sometime early in 1958. From this base, Dr. Vivian Ernest Fuchs, the expedition leader, will set off to try something that has never been accomplished—a 2,000-mile crossing of the Antarctic.

Meeting Hillary

About half way between the Pole and McMurdo Sound on the other side, his party will be met by a New Zealand group led by Sir Edmund Hillary, of Everest fame. Then they will all go on together to the New Zealanders' base, board ship, and sail for home.

That is if their plans work out. Delay of even a few weeks could keep them locked at McMurdo Sound until late 1958 or early 1959.

THIS IS ANTARCTICA

McMurdo Sound is the bay directly above the name in the map. About 3,500 miles to the north (or directly to the right) is New Zealand. The long peninsula sweeping north from Vahsel Bay ends at the South Shetland Islands which are about 1,000 miles south of South America.

In Lewis's planes to see why—and when—they might go to pieces.

In brief, this is what the expedition plans to do:

It will send out an advance party this autumn to set up the camp at Vahsel Bay and land supplies. About eight men will remain at the camp until the main expedition gets there a year later, in about January, 1958.

The New Zealanders may also send out an advance party this year to look over conditions for setting up their camp. But as McMurdo Sound has been gone over by so many expeditions, the conditions there are much better known than at Vahsel Bay. The New Zealand camp will probably not be set up until January, 1958.

The timetable calls for the combined parties to board the once,

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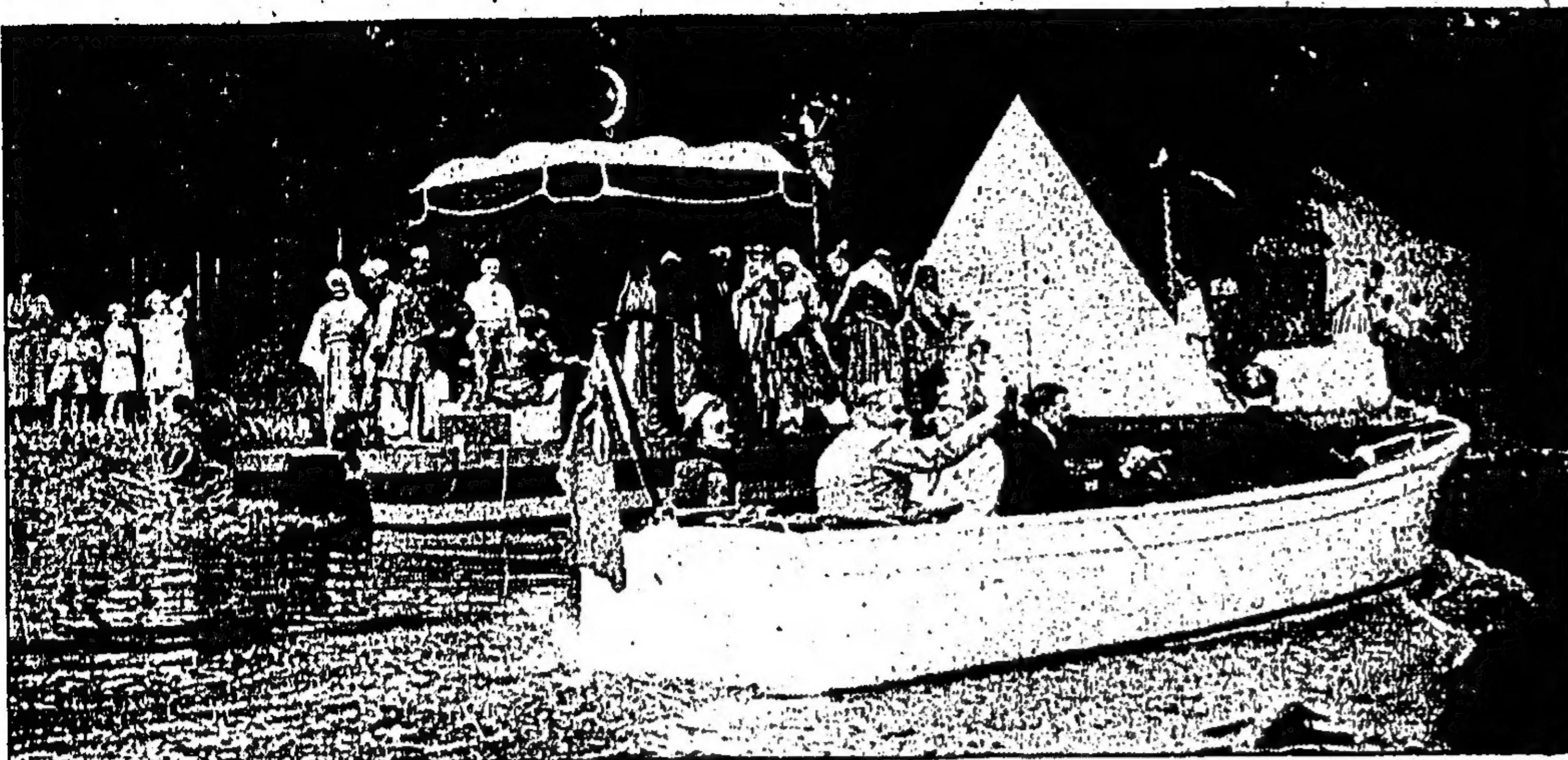
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



WHEN Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister, and Lady Eden attended a garden party for members of his constituency association at Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwick, they also went for a boat trip on the Avon, passing down a long line of decorated floats. Here they pass one depicting an Eastern harem. (Express)



KENSINGTON antique dealers launched their fair in style last week with an Elizabethan feast. The Mayor of Kensington, Lady Petrie, leads the way by drinking her soup in true Elizabethan style, by lifting the bowl with both hands. (Express)



FROM £3 a week factory hand to West End singing star in two years. That is the rapid success of 18-year-old Shirley Bassey, the youngest of seven children of an African seaman. She has just made her West End debut as star in the Jack Hylton show, "Talk Of The Town." (Express)



BETWEEN the Jordan Ambassador in London, Dr Yousef Haikal, and Mrs Haikal stands Glibbi Pasha, British Commander of the Arab Legion, who is visiting London. He was guest of honour at a dinner given by the Ambassador. (Express)



LONDON has had a record influx of sightseers this summer, and all make their way at least once to the Horse Guards Parade to admire the imperturbable Household Cavalry on guard duties in Whitehall. This interested visitor is U.S. Master Sergeant John D. Juracke, of New Jersey, who has been 19 years in the Marine Corps. (Army News)



THE famous Queen's Counsel, Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, with his 25-year-old showgirl-singer wife, Janet Farquhar Rusk, whom he secretly married a fortnight ago. The previous marriage of the 51-year-old QC, noted for his defence of William Joyce, Klaus Fuchs and, lately, Sgt Emmett Dunne, was dissolved in 1949. (Express)



WHEN the Italian press recently published a picture of a London policeman arresting two brothers, Brian and Robert Armour, for cooling themselves off in the Trafalgar Square fountains, an Italian reader found it so appealing she sent 3,000 lire to Scotland Yard to be split between the constable and the two brothers. The youngsters are shown above. (Express)



TELEVISION actress Lady Catherine Boyle, 28, smiles for photographers before entering Chelsea register office for her marriage to 35-year-old Lloyd's underwriter, Greville Baylis. They went to Italy for their honeymoon. (Express)



BELIEVED to be the youngest Judo exponent in Britain, nine-year-old Richard Lyle-Meller, of Hove, has just been awarded his yellow belt, second of a series of belts given to learners as they progress. He can throw boys much bigger than himself. (Express)



RIGHT: To London in a Messerschmitt three-wheeler last week went Adolf von Ribbentrop, 19-year-old son of Hitler's Foreign Minister and Ambassador to Britain. Young Ribbentrop is in England to learn the language. His father was hanged at Nuremberg as a war criminal nine years ago. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

Violence Again In Chicago

By Alexander Broad

Chicago. IT is a long time since Al Capone, his boys and his enemies rode high, wide and handsome through the streets of Chicago, leaving a trail of machine-gun bullets and a trail of corpses behind him.

Since then the Windy City has become famous for other and more pleasant things: A man called Robert Maynard Hutchins came to Chicago and did things and said things that will probably rate a bigger place in history than ten Al Capones and their gangs.

Robert Maynard Hutchins was president of the University of Chicago — a university a little too big and maybe a little too bustling; but a university which has become a great university.

It was there that Hutchins restored the classical education to the American scene, there that the vast programme of research in the humanities and the social sciences was launched. They have produced many of the men who have been the softening and the civilising influence on American life and politics.

Put To Rout

BUT it was there, above all, that Joseph Raymond McCarthy was put to rout. Hutchins asked by an investigator "Do you still teach Communism in your school?" replied "Yes, and I teach cancer in my medical school, too."

Hutchins has moved on to administer the Ford Foundation's multi-million dollar "Fund for the Republic," but Chicago has retained its reputation as a centre of learning.

History, however, seems to run in cycles.

There are no Al Capones in Chicago now; but violence has come back—a new and sneaking kind of violence launched by smaller but no less vicious men.

Al Capone and his mob used to shoot it out face to face, man to man. The new gangster creeps about quickly at night, placing time bombs.

There have been 25 bombings in Chicago in the last 15 months. One of them blew up a children's amusement park.

Partly, the business is rather like the kind Capone used to run.

It is a branch of the "protection" racket.

Small merchants are visited by neatly dressed salesmen who ask them whether they would like to take out some insurance—insurance, say, against smashed shop windows, razor slashes and bombings.

Mostly the merchants pay up. Those who don't seem keen to need genuine protection.

But the bombings are mainly affairs between one "insurance company" and another—small-time gang wars.

Now the Chicago Tribune has offered \$5,000 reward for help in cleaning up the gangs.

Curiously, though, the other side of Chicago's claim to fame has been in the news too.

Curiously, though, the other side of Chicago's claim to fame has been in the news too.

Loyalty Boards

THE "Fund for the Republic," Dr. Hutchins' organisation, announced the results of its investigation into "loyalty boards"—the government organisations which try civil servants for alleged Communist activities and sympathies.

The report is a little reminiscent of George Orwell's "1984."

There is the case of the woman who was dismissed from her job because she had a brother who was not a Communist but who belonged to some "subversive" organisation. She told the board that she didn't think it was her duty to tell the government just what organisation her brother belonged to.

There was the coloured woman who was subjected to hours of grilling because she had twice met a man whom the government thought was a "fellow traveller."

There was the case of the government board which grilled a woman employee because she maintained "a close and sympathetic association" with a man who sympathised with Communists. The man was her husband.

The report is not very pretty; but the fact that it was made and the fact that it was published under the auspices of an organisation backed by the biggest business in the land is indicative of the fact that Americans are no fonder, down to the marrow, of McCarran's than they were of Al Capone.

(CONTINUED)



"The future of Breakfast in London, Lunch in New York, Tea in London, depends on what sort of lunch you have in New York."

London Express Service



A SCORCHING OCEAN OF SAND NEARLY SMASHED MY SPIRIT

By Richard Pape

I drank 10 pints of water in two hours. One French driver has crossed sections of the Sahara, he always views a fresh journey with utter nervousness.

I lay in the car in this vast desolate, burning Sahara... and I was afraid. I have been in many dangerous and tense situations, but never have I resolved to kill myself by a pistol bullet before dying of thirst in the Sahara.

TERRIFYING

THE heat does something to one's brain: it saps it into a useless jelly. Thirst makes one's body tremble and jerk. The pit of one's stomach craves liquid fuel and relief.

The Sahara is terrifying, sinister, ruthless, dementing. Sweat streams from one's body all the time. It rolls into one's eyes and scalds and burns.

One has to swallow more and more salt to avoid vertigo. And the more salt one takes to keep going, the greater one wants to guzzle down water.

Slowly, slowly the car crept into Colomb Bechar.

Here I found a little German called Fritz, discharged from the French Foreign Legion on pension and now running an oxy-acetylene welding plant for military vehicles. He reattached the armour plating once again my engine was made perfect.

It came in the car. It came up my nostrils in my mouth, in my ears, and in my eyes.

He is attempting what no man has ever done before—to drive 14,000 miles in a British car from Norway's North Cape (northernmost point of Europe) to Cape Town (southernmost city of South Africa). As readers of his best-seller "Boldness Be My Friend" remember, 39-year-old Richard Pape escaped from some of the tightest spots in the war. Now, in this special despatch, he describes his 1955 adventures against the implacable forces of the Sahara.

The metal parts of the car might have been oven plates. Then it happened... my car gave out.

A horrible lurching, metallic groaning. The front left spring assembly fell on the road. The corrugated Sahara track had proved too much for the car which had come from the Arctic Circle.

I climbed out and jacked up the car while I still had

PAGE... on the fringes of the illimitless desert. The map (inset) shows the route so far, with another thousand miles before the Sahara is crossed.

endlessly, glorious nectar. Then I saw my mother with a silver teapot, and she poured me tea.

I woke up in the shadow of a mud hut. How I got there I shall never know. An old Arab poured water over me from a goatskin.

I was given food. I filled my water containers from the goatskins and collected pieces of palm tree wood. Too soft, but I had to have it. I slowly cleared my brain and sought the help of a guide, a small Arab boy of perhaps 12 years. I set off back towards the car.

And again I was consumed by coma. I sank to the sand and hairy spiders watched me from a few feet away. I cursed them. I awoke to find the little Arab had deserted me.

The mystery of it all to me is how I got back to that car. How I pushed palm tree wood into the gaps in place of the springs. How I found two wood supports in the boot which I had completely forgotten about.

THE FORT

THAT then is the story. Without knowing it I fixed my car (or the spirits of the Sahara fixed it) and I drove it back to this fort of Adrar. I cannot recall entering the gates. I have been here two days—well looked after. My body is strong again, although I have lost 20lb.

The French will not let me face the Sahara alone again. I must wait here for a convoy to proceed to Gao, 1,000 miles.

My car is welded and repaired and cleaned of sand. The remaining 1,000 miles are easy.

But I would not undertake this trip again for £50,000. The Sahara is a law unto itself, a part of the earth that ridicules man, Hell's cauldron.

I cannot but admire the French, with humble respect, for attempting to civilise and subjugate this part of Africa. The toughest specimens of mankind I have met.

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CAPSTICK in the Valleys of Suspicion...

by PERCY HOSKINS

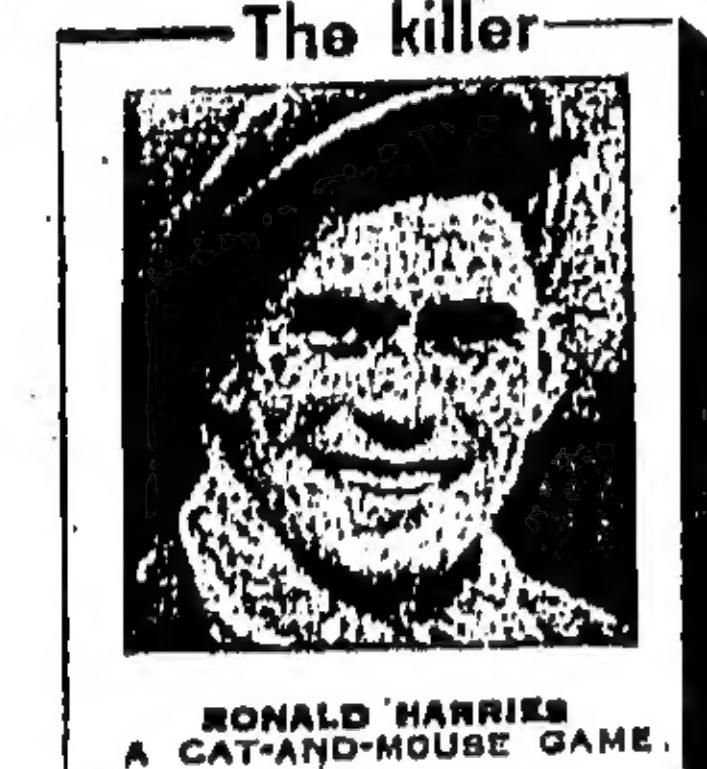
He was sent to Carmarthenshire—perhaps the proudest county in all Wales—to solve a double murder mystery that had incensed the local folk more than anything in living memory.

This was the brutal, long-premeditated, hammer-killing of smallholders John and Phoebe Harries, of Derlwyn, a lonely farm near Carmarthen.

They were missing from the night of October 10, 1953. And on-the-spot inquiries revealed no trace or clue of this respected and thrifty old couple.

Grey-haired, astute John Capstick and his assistant Detective-Inspector Bill Heddon—a wartime colonel in the Army Special Investigation Branch—made their first tour of the valleys of

The killer

RONALD HARRIES
A CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME.

suspicion on a drizzly November morning.

They found themselves in an area where many people—loyalists, but distrustful of Government by Whitehall—regard every English official with a mixture of distrust and contempt.

Therefore John Capstick had a double task in the hardest of all pursuits. He had to find the killer, and more; conscious that his actions and his methods were open to the sharpest scrutiny he had to live up to the part of the perfect Scotland Yard detective.

He succeeded. Women dabbed their eyes the night he walked down the seven steps of Carmarthen's assize court with Ronald Harries, the double-killer and covetous planner, convicted of murder. It was the stick said: "Make me a farmer."

Tell me the things a young and penniless farmer would seek."

And they told him: In this part of the country, CATTLE.

Ronald Harries had transferred his "uncle's" cattle to Cadno Farm, his father's land at Pendine.

This was the colloquial way they spoke of their neighbours and friends—Rees the Post; Jones the Beach, or Harries Derlwyn.

With the title they had accepted him. It was really an accolade for all Whitehall.

The manner in which Capstick gained their trust is one of the greatest inside stories from that storhouse of secrets—Scotland.

FIRST he drew on his vast experience of murder.

SECOND—and this with Capstick was an automatic reflex action—he set the wheel of routine investigation in accelerated motion. Statements were read through; people were questioned time and again on the smallest thing that Capstick knew instinctively did not fit into the jigsaw of his theories.

THE CATTLE

He had proved the value of methodical slogging in taking 46,235 fingerprints of the inhabitants of Blackburn to solve the Juno Devaney murder in 1947. (Fingerprint 46,235 was that of Griffiths, the murderer.)

And the one-time adventurous choirboy had proved it again when breaking down the seemingly foolproof alibi of Ian Hay Gordon, the R.A.F. cadet, who killed Patricia Curran in Belfast earlier in 1953.

In the case of John and Phoebe Harries, after Capstick had examined all the statements, the finger of suspicion pointed bayonet-sharp at young Ronald Harries, the "nephew"—really a distant relative—of the dead couple.

Harries was a farmer's son and an ambitious one. So, to the people of Derlwyn, Capstick was the stick said: "Make me a farmer."

And they told him: The buzzards live on dead things. Maybe they will give you a clue.

Superintendent Capstick watched, wondering, the cruel approach of winter, that perched on the telephone wires above

Cadno Farm, its head turned north towards a field of kale.

By the time the order was given to search the kale field Capstick knew these damning facts:—

Harries had tried to forge a cheque written by his "uncle," altering nine to "00"; he had been on the roads near Pendine in his Land-Rover after he said he had "gone to bed."

Minutes later John Capstick was watching as the spades laid bare the moment of his greatest triumph.

THE END.

HOW did Capstick know this last fact? He had once hung a dripping tin of phosphorous paint from the back axle of Harries' Land-Rover to find out its destination.

And Capstick knew too that Harries had lied about a holiday in London for the old folk; that Harries had taken the coveted cattle to Cadno.

Moreover, Harries was already playing up to another woman

(COPYRIGHT)

From Cyprus, Island In The Newspot

TEENAGE TERROR RIDES BY BICYCLE

By DAVID BURK

THE echo of three pistol shots rips through the dark, narrow-laned rabbit warren that is Nicosia by night. Two teenagers on bicycles fling their machines round a corner.

In the street they have just left, a young post-office clerk and special constable crumple and lies dead. Nicosia has had its first street killing. The old Chicago pat-

EOKA—the National Organisation for the Cyprus Struggle—is the Church-backed island terrorist group that wants the British out of Cyprus and Enosis—union with Greece.

Nightly terror reports come in from towns and villages. Slogans threatening "Death to traitors" and demanding "Freedom from British slavery" flower on roads and walls.

The police, like the Colony Government, that pays them, stay tight-lipped, and largely inactive. It took them an hour to start quelling a riot in which thousands of pounds of damage was done—but only 30 seconds to clear that area with tear-gas once they did start.

But the answer to any questions on casualties, plans, hopes, details is always: "Nothing to say."

Nothing is said

IN Britain when the I.R.A. raid an Army camp there is a meeting at Cabinet level. Security and detection plans are immediate.

In Cyprus, where for months bombs have been thrown, shots fired, police stations attacked, Government buildings blown up, sedition leaflets distributed, nothing happens, nothing is said. With a few exceptions.

Almost exactly a year ago, surprised Cypriots were told they were to get a Constitution.

There was immediate reaction from the union-with-Greece organisation. So the islanders were warned that there was a sedition law which could jail or deport anyone attacking the Colony's status.

Today, a year later, there is still no Constitution. And, despite ceaseless agitation—led by pulpit speeches of Enosis leader Archbishop Makarios—not a single person has been charged.

A month ago an 18B-type law (preventive internment without charge or trial) was decreed to detain suspect terrorists. Until a sudden flurry of arrests in the last couple of days, only 10 were held.

Governor Sir Robert Armitage recently assumed powers to enforce a dusk-to-dawn curfew. But they have only just been used for the first time—in an isolated mountain village.

No follow-up

WHAT has been the effect of these sporadic demonstrations of strength that are rarely followed up, these boomerangs from an empty barrel?

On the British community and the Services: Despair, anxiety about the future, about their personal safety, and about the island as a key Middle East defence point.

On the Turks (100,000 in the island): A draining of confidence in the Administration they are eager to back and which they believed supported their interests.

On the Greek-speaking Cypriots (400,000 in the island): Manifold.

Young EOKA thugs (the ages of those arrested and those I have seen at work in riots range mainly from 10 to 18) have been NOURISHED by Government inactivity and vacillation.

Only a tiny proportion of the Greek-speaking Cypriots favour terrorism, but they are SCARED to speak or act against it. And I am convinced that it is not the majority that favour Enosis.

Nothing is said.

In a mess

THERE have been four deaths so far from EOKA bombs and guns. All four have been Cypriot Greeks. All policemen. Two-thirds of the island's 1,400-strong force is Greek—100 percent loyal, I am assured.

But I have seen more than one hang back self-protectively when, if he really felt himself officially backed, he might have acted. Who can blame them?

The courts are in the same sort of mess. Greek magistrates are scared to hand out heavy punishments to young terrorists, for EOKA is vengeful. It is safer to stick to a fine and a warning.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



HASSAYAMPA HONEYMOON

RAIN drove like piercing steel needles against the windscreen of the car as we weaved through the traffic of the Great West Road towards London Airport. It was a dirty November night, the skies mourning the passing of autumn.

My wife hunched lower in her seat, wincing occasionally as I accelerated past a tedious tortoise. She was coming to the airport because someone had to drive the car back home. For us both, this was a momentous parting. I was due to return in three weeks, but they were three weeks in which I was going to decide whether to cut adrift from my British bonds and try to anchor in the tide of American prosperity.

Too slowly

I wasn't far off 40. Things were moving too slowly if I ever wanted to retire and I didn't fancy working for the rest of my life. Somehow I felt more bad than good.

So when Bill Phipps, a bachelor who practically made his home in airplanes and his living from them, suggested I went along on a trip to Arizona where there was three weeks' overdue leave waiting to be packed I just borrowed the car and here I was.

When I pulled up outside the Customs shed Bill had already arrived, and after I had weighed in my luggage I joined him for a drink. We must have made a strange couple. I am only of medium height; he was like a tall, overgrown plant with a top-heavy head on a narrow stalk.

"Good to get away from this," I jerked my head towards the rain outside.

Bill flicked his fingers for our glasses to be filled, then, "I don't know," he said. "Maybe the rain stops, the British being hot headed. If you travelled as much as I do you'd know London is the best town in the world." Before we could develop the argument our flight number was called and we were on our way.

Last lap

Some 36 hours later, after a stop in New York, we were on the last lap of our trip, from Phoenix to Wickenburg, in Arizona. Piercing the desert, like white tape across a brown paper parcel, went the coast-to-coast highway, and I could see the cusp indentation of a dried-up river bed.

"That's the Hassayampa river," Bill said. "It flows underground. Tomorrow we'll ride up to the head waters."

It was the first time I heard the name Hassayampa, and it didn't register in my mind, because we were following our shadow down to the narrow gress line which passed for a landing strip at the ranch where we were to stay.

Plenty of American homes get the misnomer of ranch but

DID IT HAPPEN?

Legend said that anyone who drank the waters of the Hassayampa would never speak the truth again... But is this story FACT or FICTION? The answer will be published on Monday



We rode the desert towards the head waters of the Hassayampa.

Green Gorge, at least, had some pretension to the name.

Inside, we might have been in a luxury hotel. The Green Gorge accommodated business people who wanted to slip the yoke, and flew down from the city for a while.

In the hall Bill stretched his head up as though it was a periscope, but still he didn't see what he was looking for. "Don't you get a drink in this place?" he said. "Where's the bar?"

"Sure. You can get one alengna me."

I'm not certain who wheeled round first, Bill or me, but we were stuck, as surely as if we were butterflies on a pin. The first thing I took in was a cigarette in a long holder, the next hair that defied all colour description unless you were rude enough to label it orange. The woman's shirt reminded me of Piccadilly Circus when the lights are up, but below this she was wearing ordinary blue levi's, which are things we know as denim, toughened up to take the constant wear of the saddle. "There's no bar, but I've some Bourbon in my cabin if you boys care to come along."

Bill and I opened our mouths to refuse, but our answer was given by the welcome sound of the dinner bell, so we followed the appetising smell like kids after the Pied Piper.

There was only one table, a huge overladen affair. Meat rationing was still on in Britain, and I spied at the sight of a huge dish crammed with luscious, juicy steaks—if ever I came near to drooling it was at that moment. We had sat down

before I had time to notice the attractive young girl who was serving. Actually I wasn't aware of her until she sat down beside me, and introduced herself as Dinah.

There were no set places, just took a chair, forked a steak off the dish and got ahead with the business of eating. The wranglers—we know them better as cowboys—sat down with us, and their appetites brooked no hanging around for fancy serving. That's how Dinah came to eat with us too.

I never knew how it happened that Bill and I got separated, but somehow that woman was sandwiched between us, talking to both of us so continuously there might have been a mouth each side of her face. At the end of the meal we knew her name was Ala, and I had begun to wonder if there was a hint of Indian blood in her veins. We prised ourselves away by saying we were tired and going to bed, but Dinah came running after us down the corridor.

Five husbands

"Look out for Ala," she warned. "She's had five husbands. The last one got lost riding the range. He went out on his horse, and the horse came back, but he didn't."

Bill came into my cabin, and we looked out of the window where the moon was settling down behind a range of craggy mountains, rising like the teeth of a giant in the distance. Bill pointed to one that seemed to jut out a little more impertinently than the rest. "It's the Vulture,"

"There's legend about this river," Lee said, in the way of a man who has repeated his story a hundred times before. "It goes that anyone who drinks its waters will never speak the truth again."

LONELIEST MEN IN THE WORLD

There are eight of them. Soon they will change their London flat for an island in the sub-Antarctic



Its climate consists mainly of fog, rain, hail and storms, and the only people who ever go near it are islanders from Tristan da Cunha after crawling. Gough Island has lots of rawfish. It also has a bird that has forgotten how to fly.

Why are these young men doing it? Being unable to believe that they were doing it solely from a desire to eat fried seals' brains, I asked the organiser of the expedition, John Heaney, to explain.

Mr Heaney, who thought out the whole scheme, has been forbidden to go at the eleventh hour, on medical grounds. This he confesses to finding "pretty tickling." But he told me the general idea.

There is, to begin with, one way in which the expedition is going to be useful in a very practical way. Gough Island lies right in the path of weather on its way to South Africa. (Having taken a smack at Gough Island it seems, the weather becomes much more tractable.)

BERNARD LEVIN

by BERNARD LEVIN

Recordings and observations of the weather made on the island will be helpful to the South African weather men, making their forecasts more accurate and reliable.

Of course, this will mean that the party has to rise at 5 a.m. to take the first of the day's soundings of the weather. But this, I gather, is the least of their worries. In order, for instance, to have somewhere to rise from at 5 a.m., the first thing they are going to do when they land is to build a hut. Until this is done they will have some entirely new specimen awaiting discovery? (Forward, Mr Wace, the company's botanist and the only Oxford man in a gathering of Light Blues.) Then, the animals (if any), the birds and the insects have to be examined.

They hope to find a few more about evolution by studying the bird that has forgotten how to fly. And having examined

room from which their weather reports will go out.

In the middle section they will live. "All of you?" I asked. "All of us," was the firm reply from Robert Chambers, who will be leading the expedition in place of John Heaney, retired.

SEALS' BRAINS

There would be Michael Swales (he was the one who had found the recipe for seals' brains), who is one of the party's two zoologists, Phillip Mullock, who will be the radio operator, Chambers himself, a surveyor (he was the one who had cried "good" at the news that seals' brains were on the menu). There would be a South African meteorologist, Mr van der Merwe, whom none of the party had met and who, at 29, was the oldest member of the expedition by a good three years. Altogether, there would be eight of them.

What are they going to do besides report on the weather? Well, remember that the island is virtually unexplored. They are going to make accurate maps of it, for a start (except Mr Chambers, the party's surveyor).

NEW SPECIMENS?

Then there are the trees and grasses and flowers to be examined—and who knows whether there may not be some

entirely new specimen awaiting discovery? (Forward, Mr Wace,

the company's botanist and the

only Oxford man in a gathering of Light Blues.) Then, the

animals (if any), the birds and

the insects have to be examined.

They hope to find a few more

about evolution by studying

the bird that has forgotten how

to fly. And having examined

everything that grows or creeps or walks upon the island, and everything that flies above it (or doesn't fly above it), they will turn their attention to the island itself.

Oh yes, they have a geologist in the party. He is Mr Le Maitre and at 21 the baby of the expedition.

So there they are, then, eight

young men who set out on

September 1 for five months or more of loneliness, cold and hardship.

There is nothing in it for them—none of them is getting a penny of pay for the whole of the trip—except the satisfaction of knowing that they have added to knowledge and the excitement of living without the refinements of civilisation.

A FEW BOOKS

And which of us, strap-hanging

up and down the Bakerloo line, doesn't envy them all of it?

—hardship, loneliness, cold, seals' brains and all?

They are not making many

concessions to the life they are leaving behind them. They are taking a few gramophone records—Vaughn Williams' Antarctic Symphony, for instance—which they will probably be too busy to play, and a few books, including the

Pilgrim's Progress, Dante's

Purgatory, and Lewis Carroll's

Hunting of the Snark—which they will probably be too busy

to read.

The only other luxury they are allowing themselves is the Penguin Cookery Book.

The only trouble with that

said Phillip Mullock, the radio operator, solemnly, "is that it

doesn't tell you how to cook penguins."

(continued)

by Peter Duncan

PETER DUNCAN has edited and produced *In Town Tonight* since 1947 and made it into BBC's first television serial and television series. But Duncan himself is not always in town. He was brought up at Southend-on-Sea. He has visited the United States. He spends one day a week with his wife and two children at their country home in Surrey.

Garishness

After that our days followed the same pattern. Mornings we rode the Hassayampa trail, evenings we square-danced in the barn. It was there young Dinah told me she had ten feet, and was saving to come to England. The 6,000 miles seemed a long way for a waitress to manage, but I gave her my address, and told her to look me up. Somewhat, on acquaintance, even Ala's garishness did not seem too bad.

My longing to stay in that lovely country increased as the day for departure drew near.

On the other hand, Bill wanted to get home. In a way he was enjoying himself, but as most men have an ambition to travel, he was splashed, and he only wanted to settle in London streets—from what we could hear on the radio, they were full of fog, because it was December, 1952. Do you blame me for having no inclination to return from sunny Arizona?

I got up early that last morning and as I stood lathering my face I saw Ala walking over towards the corral and smiling to myself. Poor Ala, she had wasted her time with us. She was evidently going some distance, because she had her water bottle.

Farewell party

Bill and I went out alone with that morning and did not see Ala except at meals until she came to fetch us along to her farewell "party." The cabin was just like ours except that, living there most of the time, a few of those husbands must have left her money and I remembered how an American girl herself had told me that a lot of the country's money was in the hands of the women, "because we work our husbands to death."

From the way Ala was acting Bill or I, was marked down as her next victim, so I drew my family out from the corner of my mind where they had been conveniently tidied away, and began to spatter them over the conversation.

We rode the desert towards the head waters of the Hassayampa. Bill and I got a little behind the others, so I took the opportunity to say, "Bill, you should get married. It puts up the shutters when a woman like Ala happens along."

"Rubbish," he said. "Her type go for a man no one else wants."

There was no time to continue the conversation. Our sure-footed ponies had carried us to where Lou and Ala were waiting at the source of the river. It was still, quiet and colourful. I could almost stand outside myself, and see us as a group, painted against the exquisitely shaded horizon.

"There's legend about this river," Lee said, in the way of a man who has repeated his story a hundred times before. "It goes that anyone who drinks its waters will never speak the truth again."

My protest that I would not have water was too late, but "Don't worry," Bill said. "I'll swap, there's none in mine." He pushed his glass over to me, and before I could speak had taken

a draught. I looked at my watch. In my mind, I was trying to work out how long it would be before I got home.

When we landed I learned my wife was ill and about to go into hospital; the children were due home from school. By the time I had things sorted-out, we had been back a month before I telephoned Bill.

A shock

I got a shock to learn that he had resigned. They didn't know where he had gone. Abroad somewhere, they thought.

And that might have been the last I ever heard of Bill, if young Dinah hadn't achieved her ambition. She arrived over in Britain only last month. We were sitting in the lounge one evening, my wife, Dinah and I with Arizona just a warm, comfortable memory in my mind, when Dinah said, "You know that friend of yours, the one..."

"Bill?" I queried, perks up like cur's alarum when he hears my footsteps in the drive. "Yes," she said, "do you know what he is doing? He came back to Arizona and married Ala, and they're running a store in Wickenburg."

The Hassayampa water! So that was it. My suspicion had been right. Bill drank it and found himself compelled to return to Arizona... and Ala.

Or maybe it is the other legend that is true. Perhaps I drank the water, and am not telling the truth.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday, when the answer will be given—with another story in this series by

Maurice Levinson

Did yesterday's story—At Last I Said 'No,' by Louis Golding—actually happen? The answer is YES.

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Why Do Men Believe In These Dream Girls?

An evening with Marilyn Monroe or Gina Lollobrigida could easily develop into one long yawn....

ASK any man, whatever his age or status, whether he would care to meet Marilyn Monroe or Gina Lollobrigida, and sure enough a gleam will come into his eye. What more natural, you are probably thinking, than the Misses Monroe and Lollobrigida are enough to send up any man's blood pressure. At the risk of a big meow I disagree. I believe that an evening with any professional pin-up, the Misses Monroe and Lollobrigida included, is as likely as not to develop into one long yawn.

The fact is, as every woman knows, man is eternally naive in his assessment of women: He seems incapable of seeing a woman as she really is. He regards her rather as a symbol, more like a creature in an advertisement, and labels her accordingly. Thus woman is Sex with a capital S, Mother with a capital M, The Wife, or, more odiously, The Missus. Sometimes she is the Ideal Woman, which merely means she is unobtainable. For those who do not fit into these categories man has a further series of tags—The Career Woman, Siren, Blue Stocking, Outdoor Girl, Hockey Girl, Slut, Shrew, Gamin or Rake.

Intellectually, man realises that woman may be a mixture of all these attributes, but his heart rejects what reason tells him. If the creature he has cast us Mother proves Oscar Wilde's contention, that "every woman is at heart a rake," he is flabbergasted.

A fiction

This brings me back to the Misses Monroe and Lollobrigida. This seemingly delectable pair is largely a fiction of the male mind. For, failing to see woman as she really is, man does his utmost to turn her into what she is not.

Impresarios, film directors, script writers, movie cameras, still photographers, film editors, publicists, copywriters, dress designers, gossip writers (mostly men, please note) devote their energies and talents, their life's blood, you might say, to putting over these two young women as the acme of sexual aspiration.

Marilyn Monroe and Gina Lollobrigida are photographed from every conceivable angle. For every photograph released at least a dozen are reprinted. Not sexy enough would be the studio pronouncement.

Semi-saucious dialogue lines they would be incapable of thinking up for themselves, are put into their mouths. Their deportment is corrected by film

directors, their every move recorded until it adds up to provocation. Film editors carefully eliminate any move, angle or inflection that might show these young women to a disadvantage. For every foot of film that is shown on the screen, a minimum of ten is thrown on the editing floor.

Sir Walter Scott probably spent less time on one of his longer novels than the Misses Monroe and Lollobrigida spend with dress-designers, filters, hairdressers and make-up men.

These pains-taking labours finally achieve the desired result. Gina Lollobrigida and Marilyn Monroe seem enticing beyond dreams, beyond desire, beyond words. Surveying their own creation, men then begin to believe in it.

But the plot creaks. Having lent themselves to this treatment, Marilyn Monroe and Gina Lollobrigida, to their credit, refuse to play in real life the part allotted to them.

If Miss Lollobrigida is in a temper, is it the fury of a woman scorned? Not at all. Someone has published a photograph of herself not to her liking. Engage her in conversation and what does she talk about? Men! Certainly not. She is worried about income tax. If her hair is tousled it is carefully disarranged for the benefit of photographers. A hairdresser is always within combing distance.

Indeed, wherever she travels, there goes her hairdresser, dressmaker and beauty expert. Imagine The Wife spending so

much time on her appearance. I can almost hear the petulant, for heaven's sake stop fussing."

As for Miss Monroe's utterances, they seem to be restricted to an everlasting plea to be allowed to act. She wants to act more than anything in life, nothing is quite so important to her, certainly not sex. Time and again she has said that she is tired of playing sexy roles.

Desirable

But these women, you may say, are nevertheless beautiful and therefore desirable. Then why, I ask, are men never satisfied with the idols they create? No sooner is one of them safely ensconced on her pedestal than another is sought for in her place.

Last year it was Audrey Hepburn, the year before Jane Russell, the year before that Jean Simmons and so on and so on. Ask any man today whether he would care to meet Jane Russell and the gleam in his eye is not at all the same as for Gina Lollobrigida.

Yet only yesterday it seemed that Jane Russell was the answer to the masculine prayer. Did she let down her worshippers by talking too much of Bible classes and adopted children? Or did the final disillusionment come when she confessed that left to herself she was naturally rather shy about her figure? The point is that only men would take off their blinkers and see women as we really are—complex creatures of infinite variety, capable of development—they

would find us so much more than their absurd illusions. (CARTOON)

To Be Read With Restraint... But With Hope

NEW LINE OF ATTACK—PERHAPS THE KEY TO A CURE FOR CANCER

By Chapman Pincher

WHAT is probably the most hopeful news yet recorded in the fight against cancer may hold "the key or one of the keys, not only to the control of the disease, but even to its prevention."

No curative treatment is yet in sight, but doctors who have been "attacking" the stubborn cancer problem along a new line believe they have at last achieved what they call a "break-through."

To quote Sir Stanford Cade, a leading cancer specialist who spoke at the Royal Society of Medicine meeting, the new advance during the last five years

that simply by changing this gland balance the lives of some patients suffering from breast or prostate cancer can be prolonged.

This change can be achieved by removing certain of the glands surgically.

"The degree of improvement varies from temporary alleviation of the symptoms to a most remarkable improvement and restoration to a near-normal state of health," Sir Stanford Cade reported.

Following up this work, the great Swedish surgeon, Professor Herbert Olvera, has tried removing the pituitary gland, which is located on the underside of the brain, with equally surprising results.

These operations are severe and have to be undertaken on the off chance that they might bring benefit, because for some reason as yet unknown not all patients respond to them.

So the doctors are searching for methods of correcting the gland-balance by giving gland extracts by injection or in tablet form.

Claims that some success can be achieved by feeding thyroid gland extract were made by British doctors at the Royal Society of Medicine meeting.

He has shown that by removing the adrenal glands—two small organs near the kidneys—cancer of the breast and prostate can be brought under control, though not cured.

In Britain, Sir Stanford Cade and others have confirmed his findings and are extending them.

For the new methods have been tried only in cancer of the breast and prostate. But they may prove to be of value in other forms, for the adrenal and pituitary gland exert a profound effect throughout the body.

The doctors have a long way to go before they can claim any kind of victory over cancer. But now, after probing hundreds of promising leads which petered out, they seem to be on an open trail which may end in a successful treatment for at least some forms of the most feared disease.

(CARTOON)

Marriage Is A Business —And It's Booming!

By GEOFFREY JOYCE

London. THE marriage business in Britain is booming. Yes, the marriage business. London (the centre of the marriage trade as it is of most other trades) has four marriage bureaux, all of them the acme of respectability, and all of them doing a growing business.

Between them, they have close to three thousand people on their books—and considering that they marry them off at about the rate of 20 a week while the number remains constant, there is little doubt that there is a market there to be filled.

THEIR FORMULA

While other businesses have lately been gently throttled by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the marriage trade got a boost in the spring budget with the

increased tax allowances for the married, as tall as his form indicated, or perhaps a little taller.

All four work to a pretty standard formula. They collect name, income, nationality, occupation, height, age and description of dream man/woman, charge a fee, (between four and six guineas), and then supply particulars of approximate dream man/woman.

If party A likes the particulars, party B is contacted. If he or she agrees, a meeting is arranged.

After that the couple are on their own. Or, on their own unless they patronise the super-exclusive agency which charges another 20 guineas from each partner successfully married. This one claims "a number" of Members of Parliament among its successfully married clients.

For the fee, the client is entitled to as many introductions as he likes—unless someone lodges a protest at his conduct when, after investigation, he is usually struck from the books.

Such complaints, however, are few. Most complaints are that the proposed partner isn't quite

that is inevitable. For the country has a surplus of women over 30 and a surplus of men under 30. Warm thinned the ranks of the over-thirty men, but there are naturally more men than women born. While more boy babies used to die thus evening the score, the national health scheme has stopped that.

The arrival of large numbers of young men on the lists has prompted the bureaux to proclaim that there may be something in the theory that the welfare state has been having its effects.

After all, the British citizen starts almost every other kind of venture by filling in a form. Why not marriage?

WELFARE STATE

JOHNNY HAZARD



YEP, JOHNNY, I FIGURE IT'S TIME I HAD SOMEONE TO COME HOME TO/ I MISSED OUT MARRYING SHARI YEARS AGO... AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET HER GET AWAY AGAIN!



OF COURSE, YOU STAND UP FOR ME... MY BEST PAL GOTTA BE MY BEST MAN... SAY, WHY THE LONG FACE?



DON'T MIND ME, SNAP... I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A HOLE TO CRAWL INTO...

YOU SEE... I CAME HERE TO TELL YOU... I HAVE THE SAME IDEA ABOUT SHARI, MYSELF!

Z

...this situation calls for a

Sen Miguel

RUBY M. AYRES—HER TOUGHEST CHAPTER

by Nancy Spain

THE news of Ruby M. Ayres, ill (with pneumonia at a Weybridge, Surrey, nursing home), is that she has had "a fair day."

A fair day... but the toughest chapter in the life of the 72-year-old novelist. Her writing life so far has been 57 years; for at the age of 15 she was expelled from school for writing an "advanced" love story.

"Disgraceful," said the head mistress. "Every girl in the school has read it." "I realised then," said Ruby Mildred Ayres, "that I was on to something really good."

Since that day Ruby has never looked back. She was born in January 28, 1883, daughter of a successful architect in Watford.

She was briefly engaged to three young men. She said that she "couldn't bear them when they got sentimental."

Then, at the age of 25, she published her first professional work, a novel called "Richard Chatterton, V.C." It sold like billy-o. So she wrote other books with titles like "The Littlest Lover," "The Ring That Fettered Her," "Young Shoulders."

No fuss

Ruby sometimes wrote 15,000 to 20,000 words a day (most authors write 1,000), typing with two fingers on an ancient, upright, office machine. "A man offered to teach me touch-typing once," she said. "But it would put me off. I can't stand fuss."

By the time she was 30 Ruby was earning £20,000 a year, referring to herself with a happy grin as "Queen of the Triple-Writers," and happily married to Reginald William Pocock, an insurance broker.

They lived in close harmony until Mr Pocock died in a seven-bedroomed house called Rest Harrow, in Weybridge.

Ruby occasionally doted off Egypt, South America, Africa, New Zealand, or New York. But just for the ride. "I don't work on a journey," she said. "It gives me the creeps."

No family

Her 150-odd novels, which to date have sold about 10,000,000 copies, alas, her only children. I met her once, at a surprising lunch when I sat between her and another remarkable woman, Frances Day.

What a lunch it was. They spent the whole of the meal over the papers, perfectly happy together studying form and putting money on horses.

Ruby wore a severe black suit and hat to match, with a fine white froth of lace at the throat. I remember thinking what an old pet she is.

She had a grey parrot called Benjamin, and she said she bought "the ballet and affected young men."

No lies

BLUE-EYED, fair-skinned, with a jaw like the prow of a battleship, I don't think she has ever told a lie in her life. She certainly never uses make-up, and she says that women authors are terrible.

"Have you ever seen them?" she asked me, sitting round at all those literary luncheons, looking at if they'd just written the Bible?"

She said plenty of other things too—

Evening old-fashioned is best. Four things that have gone off are fashion, architecture, the Government, and girls.

BY RUBY M. AYRES

ASK YOUR MOTHERS



WEEP FOR LOVE

BY RUBY M. AYRES

ABOUT THESE

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Evening Dress With Puffed Sleeves



"Jacqueline", by Madame Fath, is an evening gown in pale blue velvet. It has a wide shoulderline and puffed lantern sleeves. Gold embroidery covers the top part of the dress—Agence France-Presse.

Queenly Waistline Kept At 22" By Walk, Will-power

London. QUEEN Elizabeth II, who boasts the trim figure a movie star might envy, keeps it that way with lots of walking and will-power.

The young British monarch faces more temptations to go overboard on good food and drink, simply because she is royalty. She never is without state banquets, official lunches and parties on her schedule. With them go elaborate foods, champagnes and other wines.

But the Queen, who once had to go on a diet and drop a few pounds, has become expert at sitting out a few courses and sipping only a little wine. And she never eats between meals.

She gets more exercise than you'd think, despite her hectic official schedule.

The mere performance of her public duties calls for a lot of walking. When at home in Buckingham Palace, she takes

New High Waistline



This Balenciaga creation of black wool features an unusually high waistline from which flows gathered folds, puffed at the hips—Agence France-Presse.

What is your choice? A pretty hat of flowers, or something startling and chic? If You Choose A Paris Hat...It's So Smart It Makes The Women Jealous

By KAY CAMPBELL

London. THERE are two ways of choosing a hat. You can buy a confection of flowers and frou-frou, perch it on your golden curls—and hear from other women that you're kittenish. Or you can choose something startling and chic which will terrify the men but be so madly smart that it makes the women jealous.

In London, the confection hats wins hands down. It wins for weddings, christenings and smart parties—though it won't do much to aid your appearance if it is nothing more than a handful of flowers.

Budget versions of Dior's crescent-shaped hat have appeared everywhere; at Ascot in many colours, and even at Buckingham Palace, where an Australian debutante wore one when presented to the Queen.

In Paris, where sheer chic comes first, and the women don't mind scaring the men in their life, pretty hats are rare. Gilbert Orel, it is true, shows oriental hats which sit on your head like miniature pagodas and are snipped up by the Americans. But the couturiers have, as one man, launched large top-heavy hats which they combined with stark slim black clothes. (Yes, maybe the wearers do look a bit like those grotesque figures in a Mardi Gras procession.)

Even Genevieve Fath, whose collection was kind to her clients, stuck to the large hat idea, and showed draped pink velvet toques like giant quivering blane-manges, with humbling birds nestling in the folds.

It had to happen. The new space hat has appeared, at Pauliette's. It is made in velvet and has a curious appendage like a mushroom rising straight up from the crown. Her prize piece, however, is a high hat which she says is like "an ac-cordian that expires." This consists of a crown and tiny brim in marble patterned felt, joined by a wide band of black jersey crushed down into folds. (Elizabeth has drawn it here.) The whole effect is very gay and rather rash and looks just like a top hat that has been sat on accidentally.

★ ★ ★

Also everyone has turned to travel hats for inspiration and there are as a result innumerable versions on sale in Paris made up in wool jersey and designed to pack well, keep your hair neat and your ears warm.

The newest hats are closest fitting helmets, like our old friend the jelly-bean cap. But the haute couture styles are either draped turbans with stoles to match or cut like Balalaika feathers. Little turbans of draped brocade with a distantly Persian appearance were seen at Dior's. At Paulette's there was the most expensive helmet in the world—fashioned from gold tubular beads into a lattice which expands to fit your head—and a gold collar to match.

Evening hats are fashioned from feathers used as ribbon and ribbon bunched up like



feathers. Little turbans of draped brocade with a distantly Persian appearance were seen at Dior's. At Paulette's there was the most expensive helmet in the world—fashioned from gold tubular beads into a lattice which expands to fit your head—and a gold collar to match.

If you want to be smart at the least expense, buy yourself a plain milliner's hood and wear it just as it is—high crown and all.

A Little Hamlet In The Rhineland Is Europe's Jewellery Centre

By A Special Correspondent

Munich. A HAMLET tucked in the red clay hills of the Rhineland-Palatinate has learned that designing smarter women's accessory jewellery is a quicker way to get rich than building the proverbial better mouse-trap. It is the hamlet of Idar-Oberstein.

Idar-Oberstein is definitely threatened for next winter are monster business-men's bowlers in white fur and, worst of all, swaddled which carries its own private snowdrift. Givency showed a coat in swaddled at his collection and as the model passed we were showered with feathers.

this quaint jewellery centre to see what the Idar-Oberstein craftsmen have been up to.

For centuries the river waters tumbling through the hills surrounding Idar-Oberstein have pushed huge stones before them. These stones have been used to polish semi-precious jewels.

And the sensitive fingers of the Rhineland craftsmen here, traditional designers and makers of costume jewellery for Europe's aristocrats, have made Idar-Oberstein a byword in the realm of fashion.

One of the best-known manufacturers of fancy jewellery is Max Keller. More than two hundred employees work with brass and tombac, semi-precious stones and imitation stones, leather and laces.

Keller does not stop at jewellery, but also lends a factory and creative work to fashioning frames for ladies' handbags in exclusive form.

LIKE FAIRYLAND

The factory in action looks like a corner of fairyland. Sparkling jewels on one table are surrounded by metal and leather in gold, silver and red. Across the room you may see a white-haired man weaving silver wires into intricate shapes for millinery.

Keller believes that any costume can be improved by the right touch of jewellery, and he makes his living by this theory.

"Jewellery means femininity," he says. "And more important than its cost is its appropriateness."

From Keller's workbenches to shops around the world stream trinkets like rings, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, brooches and a wide range of masculine items like cuff links, tie-clips and watch chains.

But why do fashion artists from London, Paris, Berlin and New York visit this insignificant little hamlet of Idar-Oberstein—insignificant, that is, in size?

MATERIALS

The reason is that they want to utilize Keller's talents in finding out just the right thing to accentuate a design. Ideas are always bubbling in the rooms where Max Keller's wife and her staff of co-designers work on next year's ladies' wear.

Tunic By Balenciaga



A tunic-tunic of white moire fashioned on the new line at Jean Balenciaga Autumn-Winter Collection—Agence France-Presse.

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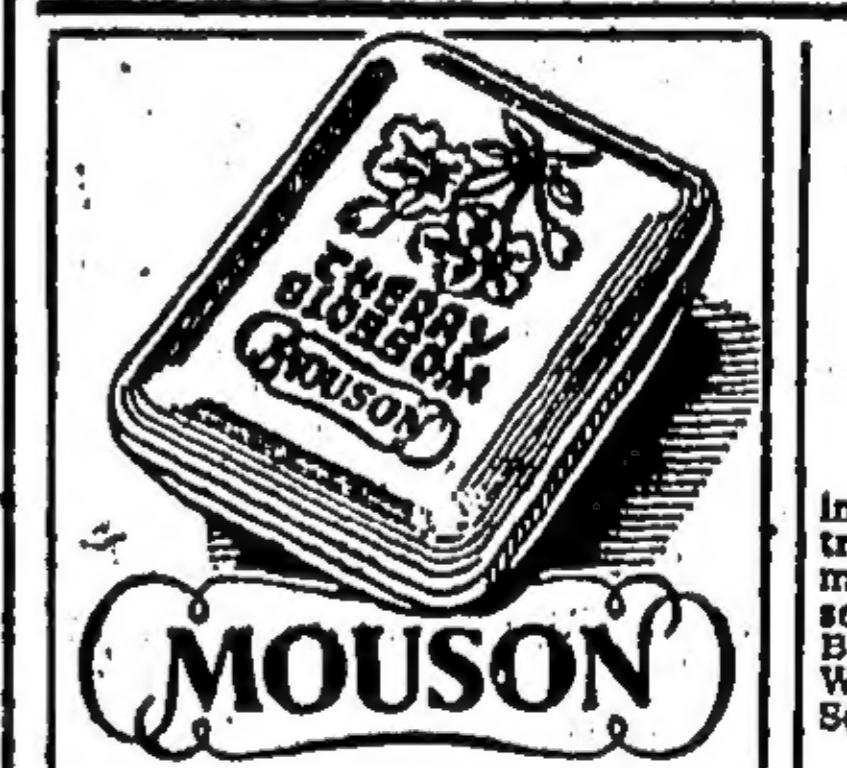
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LEFT: Both adult and children's tastes were catered for at the Jaycoo fun fair, held at Murray Parade Ground last Sunday. Rifle shots, donkey rides and numerous other games delighted the hearts of both the young in age and young in spirit. A popular feature was the traffic sign quiz, provided by the Police Department, which Lt.-Gen. Sir Cecil Suggen is seen trying out above. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Alex Lam cutting their wedding cake at the Peninsula Hotel reception following the nuptial ceremony at the Stirling Baptist Church last Saturday. The bride was Miss Amy Liang. (Mainland)



DR Frank Hu Tschang and Miss Dorothy May Ching (right) leaving the Wesley Methodist Church, Singapore, after their wedding. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Henry Ching of Hongkong, and the groom is the tourin son of Dr and Mrs Hu Tai-kuan.



NEW Guiders being enrolled before Mrs A. Hooton, Acting Colony Commissioner for Girl Guides, and Miss B. E. Moses, Divisional Commissioner for Kowloon. The ceremony was held at the Jockey Club Hut, Gascoigne Road. Right: One of the new Guiders, Miss Chu King-fok, of Shaukok, shaking hands with Lady Grantham, President of the Girl Guides Association. (Staff Photographer)

BELLOW: At the Royal Hongkong Defence Force prizegiving for winners of rifle shooting competitions, P/O L. N. Bus (HKNRVR), who won the Hongkong Women's Volunteer Forces championship, receiving her prize from Lt-Col O. F. Newton Dunn, Acting Commandant. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Robert Beecham, who were married at the Union Church, Kennedy Road. The bride, formerly Miss Jane McKenzie, is cultural affairs officer for the United States Information Office in Hongkong. Mr Beecham is an information officer with USIS in Tokyo.



THE Rev. Eric Hague, who was last week inducted as Vicar of St Andrew's Church, seen with Mrs Hague and Mr Eric Young at the tea party following the induction ceremony. (Staff Photographer)

CHEUNG CHAU island has had a piped water supply since last week. Mr John Forbes, Deputy Director of Public Works (below), is seen addressing the elders and guests who attended the ceremony of turning on the first tap. (Staff Photographer)



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THE Consul-General for Brazil and Mrs Josias Carneiro Leao gave a reception at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday to mark Brazil's National Day. Above: Mr and Mrs Leao and Mr W. S. Lobato, Vice-Consul, greeting Mr and Mrs Lawrence Kadoorie. Right: The Hon. Kwok Chan chatting with Mr and Mrs. N. T. Assomull at the party. (Staff Photographer)



MR Spyros P. Skouras (left), President of the 20th Century Fox Film Corporation, was seated at luncheon at the Peninsula Hotel on Wednesday. He is here seen with Mr and Mrs Sverre M. Backe. (Staff Photographer)



AFTER the ceremony of naming two diesel electric locomotives of the Kowloon-Canton Railway on Monday, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, is seen in the cab of one of the engines, which he drove a short distance. Right: Little Choung Yu-mo and Miss Low Yuk-tam, who presented the keys, interviewed by Radio Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



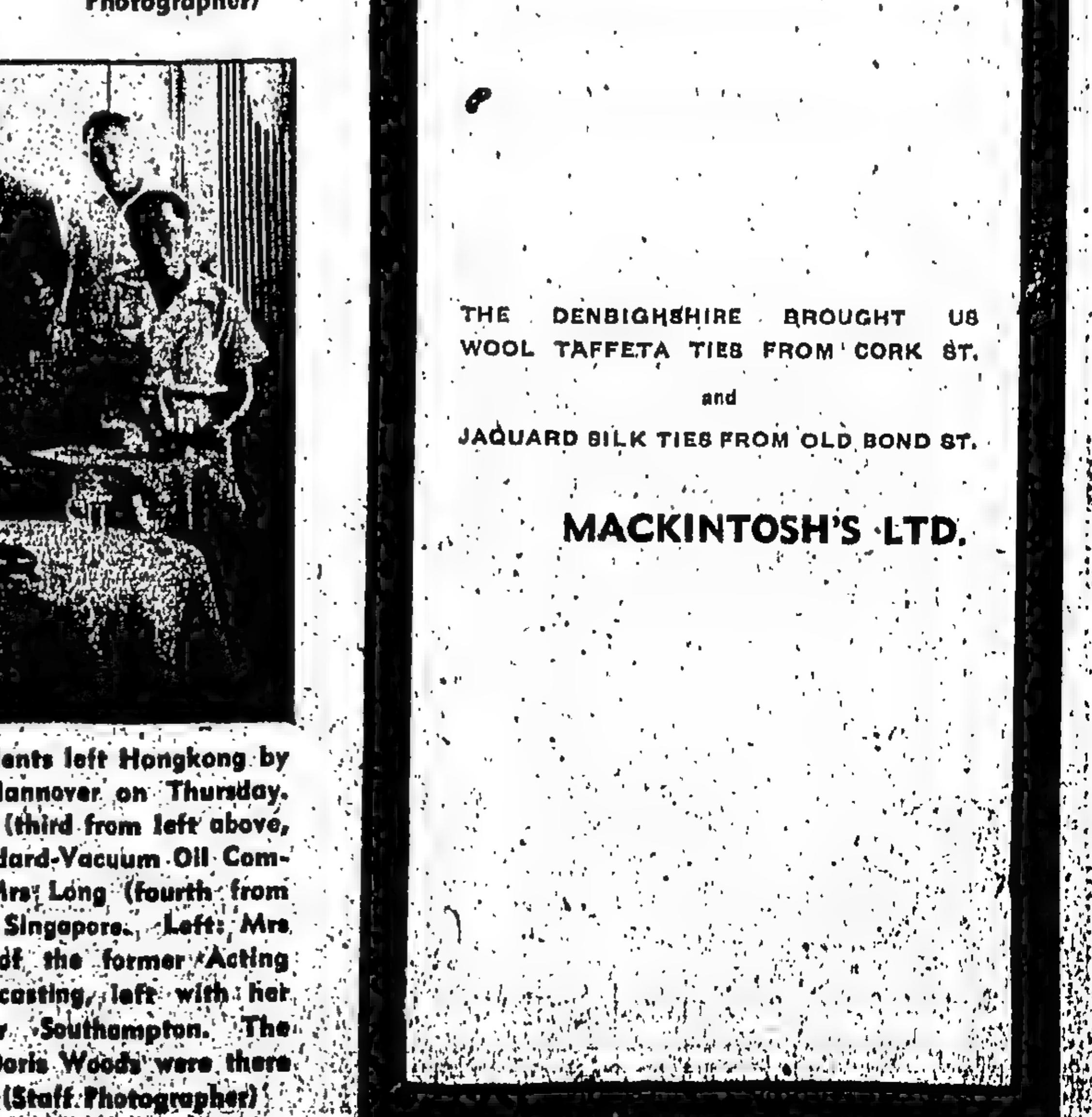
LEFT: Mr B. P. Adarkar, Commissioner for India, speaking at the dinner given in his honour by Kowloon Indian merchants at the India Club. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Registry last Saturday of Mr Wong Chung-hong and Miss Frances Choung Fun-chea. Mr Wong is a lecturer at the Hong-kong University. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Flanked by his parents, Mr and Mrs A. J. Cottanach, little James Cottanach blows out the candles on the cake at his birthday party last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THE laying on of hands at the ordination of five new preachers at the Assembly of God, Argyle Street. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr David John Lyttle (centre), who has just been appointed Acting Controller of Broadcasting, at the cocktail party given by Rediffusion to welcome him. (Staff Photographer)

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THREE popular residents left Hongkong by the German liner Hannover on Thursday. Mr William G. Long (third from left above, seated), of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, sailed with Mrs. Long (fourth from left) on transfer to Singapore. Left, Mrs. Jane Brooks, wife of the former Acting Controller of Broadcasting, left with her son, Jonathan, for Southampton. The Misses Aileen and Doris Woods were there to see them off. (Staff Photographer)

THE DENBIGHSHIRE BROUGHT US WOOL TAFFETA TIES FROM CORK ST. AND JAQUARD SILK TIES FROM OLD BOND ST.

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Dublin's Colleen Couturier

Drawing inspiration from Ireland's age-old crafts, Sybil Connolly is fast establishing Dublin as one of the world's fashion capitals. From the looms in white-washed cottages springs the story of Irish couture.

By Dudley Birks

WOOL cloths woven by hand in the centuries-old cottages of Eire have been raised to couture status in America and other countries by a young woman who, until four years ago, was an unknown buyer in a Dublin store. Her name is Sybil Connolly and her phenomenal success as an international couturier is probably as bewildering to her as it is to her friends. Ironically, Miss Connolly had no ambitions to be a designer, although she had studied for two years in London.

Whirlwind Success

Originally her designing was intended to be a temporary capacity until a new designer could be found for the Dublin store in which she works. Her almost overnight rise to fame compares strikingly with years of struggle for recognition by some of her eminent counterparts.

How did Miss Connolly—an attractive, tall, dark-haired young woman with sparkling, humorous eyes—achieve this whirlwind success? Briefly, it was by chance. Gaston Mallet, who had previously worked for Balmain in Paris, returned to Canada, and left the Dublin store of Richard Alan without a designer.

Falling in her quest to find another designer, Miss Connolly was faced with the possibility of having to close the couture department for which, as a director, she had striven so hard to establish or for the time being do the work herself. This, somewhat reluctantly, she agreed to do.



For the woman who wants to look elegant, Miss Connolly has designed this brown and yellow tweed suit, and a seven-eighths length coat.

Hailed By The Press

Presented in the picturesque ground hall of an ancient castle in ready-made setting for a range of garments based on traditional Irish styles—this collection delighted the buyers so much that one executive returned to America and spoke to the head of his firm about Miss Connolly. The outcome astonished even the naturally optimistic Miss Connolly: she was invited to present a spring collection in Philadelphia in 1953. This proved a tremendous success. The store bought the whole collection and Miss Connolly was hailed by the press as a new fashion leader. Closely following this she

showed other collections in woven by Aran fishermen, a Donegal tweed garment, an exquisite gown embroidered with lace made by the nuns of Carrickmacross, or perhaps a red flannel quilted skirt and Irish wool shawl—the traditional clothes of that great character, the Irish washerwoman.

These and other garments, which brilliantly combine haute couture with the practical needs of modern life, are the clothes which have brought her distinction. Her usual happy reaction is to exclaim in a lilting Irish brogue, "Such a carry-on!" Her gift for the creation of modern fashions from traditional Irish clothes is further illustrated by the magnificence of her fine evening cloaks. These are based on the black batiste capes worn by the married women of Kinsale, County Cork. It is natural that it is so bad that we used wool too, and I am trying to do printed wool for shirt blouses. "In my country the weather is so bad that we used wool about 80 percent of the time. It would be silly for me to compete with Continental houses. I just try to produce the clothes which are typical of Ireland

more than mere chance attached to Miss Connolly's sudden fame, for she combines with her natural beauty—some would call her a true Irish colleen although she was born in Wales to the Welsh wife of an Irishman—a good business mind, a spirit of enterprise, skill, and an imagination which makes her outstanding as a fashion designer.

The Philadelphia Fashion Group's meeting and a tempting invitation from Miss Connolly to American buyers were the next stages in her designing career. The invitation was for the buyers to break a forthcoming journey to Paris by visiting Dublin during Horse Show Week to see her latest collection. The fact that she was using a caudle as the setting for the collection was an added attraction.

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GERMANY WANTS TO BE WEAK IN NATO

By
James Wickenden

WESTERN Germans flock to bustling factories through war ruins which still stand. Record outputs and good wages beckon to a bright future.

But the ruins remind them of war's chaos.

Even the four months' old freedom for West Germany does not stir the jambot fever predicted by some.

Last October, the German Defence Ministry announced 140,000 applications from volunteers to join the armed forces. Three weeks ago the figure had reached 150,000—an increase of only 10,000 in about a year.

Out of this grand total nearly a fifth want to join non-combat units. A half of the rest are probably unfit for strenuous work, says the Defence Ministry, and will be rejected.

As in Japan, the wound of war has gone deep into the German soul. The H-bomb may have affected the Big Powers in their search for peace. But the countries who most sense its doom are the defeated—Germany and Japan.

BLACK MUSHROOMS

They picture their countries churned and destroyed in the role of battlefields between the Great Powers. To Germans this is a certain prospect in war.

While the rest of Europe mired itself beneath bright parasols on pleasure beaches this summer, the Germans watched a massive NATO military exercise "Carte Blanche."

Instead of the parasols their vision filled with the black mushrooms of over 250 atom bombs supposed to have been hurled on their cities and fields to halt the enemy.

The result, in reality, would be the obliteration of themselves and the future of their country. Such thoughts strengthen the new strategy whispered among the remnants of Germany's strategists.

Let the West withdraw its forces, they say, to west of the Rhine. For proposing this—with ingenious reasons—Colonel von Bonin was dismissed from the West German Defence Ministry a few months ago.

WATERED DOWN

Although officially disgraced, Bonin spoke for most people in West Germany outside the Adenauer administration, which promised 12 divisions of NATO in exchange for sovereignty.

The government also promised to prevent a resurgence of Nazism in the recruiting drive for the 12 divisions. They attempted to do so by "democratising" the armed forces.

The snooty High Command, fired by Prussian ideals, which drove Germany's past war machines was taboo. Like the Japanese Bushido warrior code, it was to be watered down to a staid patriotism. The military machine was to be controlled severely by plain-clothed civil servants.

The result of this collective NATO policy has been to remove the glamour of a pure nationalist German army career. Its effect is shown in the recruiting figures.

Also, the youth of Germany know that wages in industry will be higher than in the new forces.

The effect of all these things has been to emasculate the German military spirit—for the time being at any rate. No doubt this was a consciously sought goal by NATO Powers, but one which carries with it an inevitable result—the West will not find a strong ally in West Germany as its commanders hoped.

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MEN PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE . . . by GEORGE GALE

ICENSORED TO KILL. That is the headline across a recent issue of the broadsheet which proclaims the official policy of the Irish Republican Army.

"That headline did not mean that the I.R.A. was licensed to kill. It meant that the I.R.A. thinks that the reserve police of Northern Ireland are licensed to kill."

Most of Ireland believes that the I.R.A. is licensed to kill, if by killing it wins unification for Ireland.

I asked people their views on this...

"History," said the PROFESSOR, "is on the side of the I.R.A. Everything that Ireland has won has been won by violence. It has won nothing by moderation."

There are probably fewer than a thousand members of the I.R.A. Perhaps 500 or 600. Their leaders are men who were rank-and-file in 1939. Most of the members are in the early twenties. Some are students. Some have been trained in the British Army.

All of them, young and old, educated or not, believe in a dream, a myth, a nightmare that for 700 years the people of Ireland have been yearning in their belief for freedom.

No one in Ireland thinks these men are criminals. "Fools, damned fools, they are," said the DOCTOR. "But you aren't going to get me calling them bad men."

"Why should we bother with the I.R.A.?" said the

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PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

QUICK The new poor, the owners of England's MONEY stately mansions, have reason to be delighted by this sunlit summer: it is bringing them a flow of wealth.

To help meet a ruinous taxation, many have thrown open their centuries-old homes and a tree-dotted parklands to a curious public—for a small fee.

This year there has been a record number of sightseers. On one or more days a week, they pay their shillings or half-crowns to wander through the ancestral halls, gaze at suits of armour, family portraits and ancient heirlooms of a spacious age. They inspect the great stables and outbuildings, tour the grounds, sit on the greensward for a picnic meal. Then they depart by the couchload.

Woburn Abbey, the Duke of Bedford's historic seat, has this year already attracted more than 107,000 sightseers. They paid the Duke over £20,000 for the privilege.

Even in the good old days, when recalcitrant tenants were encouraged to pay their dues by the thought of dungeons and fettters, it is unlikely that Woburn Abbey could have seen the silver roll in so rapidly.

HOT AIR The night's vapours were noxious and, injurious, according to our forefathers, and they shut tight their bedroom windows from dusk till dawn. More recently, doctors insisted that the fresh air aided healthful slumber, and they threw the windows open.

Now a modern doctor tells us that the old folk were not so wrong, after all. He advises some of his patients: "Shut your bedroom window if you wish (anathema to health-at-any-cost Britons) and open the door to let in warm air."

Writing in the medical journal, Practitioner, Dr Guy Daynes, of Hove, concedes that "a doctor in the British Isles who advises his patient to shut the window at night is greeted with such incredulity that this advice must be given but rarely in our part of the world." And patients themselves would oppose this seeming abandonment of one of the principal British rules of health.

Dr Daynes thus recognises that the vast majority of Britons regard the nocturnal open window with fanaticism. But, in fact, most can quickly acclimate themselves to sleeping with the window shut, provided they are satisfied it is doing them good, he concludes.

WORD LORE Some years ago, the Chicago Tribune, the thundering, isolationist voice of the American midwest, decided that the English language needed a working over. Its spelling was out of date.

A great many words—like

photographer, soubrette, telephone and stool—turned up in the Tribune spelled just like that.

But last week, the Tribune decided on a change. Explained the editors, sadly, "It's confusing for school children."

Quipped the New York Times: "Few, it feels phony."

MAKE BELIEVE Do women like acting more than men? Up and down Britain amateur dramatic groups are seeking to enlist talent for plays they will stage later in the year.

Plenty of women are volunteering—two or three for each part. But not enough men are coming forward, even

when producers have advertised for players.

Producers with long experience of recruiting casts believe that this is not because, proportionately, more men than women are at work and come home each evening with little energy for other things.

No, they say, women just must introduce a bit of make-believe into their lives; the menfolk are happy with a walk with the dog, a pint of beer in the pub, or just supper and the evening newspaper.

BIGGEST CLAN Which is the biggest clan in Scotland—the Macdonalds or the Campbells? The answer is neither. There are 80,000 Smiths in Scotland, and they outnumber the Macdonalds, the second biggest clan, by some 20,000.

Mr J.C. Kyte, chairman of the Scots Ancestry Research Society, who gave these figures recently, states that the Macdonalds outnumber the Campbells by some 10,000.

Next to the Macdonalds comes the Browns, the Wilsons, the Thomsens, the Robertsons, and then the Campbells.

Mr Kyte considers there are as many Scottish-born people living in the United States as there are in Edinburgh, and the number of people of Scottish blood living in the North American continent must be much greater than the present population of Scotland.

At recent conferences in America, Canada, Australia and South Africa, the number of people of Scottish birth living in these countries approached the million mark, and Mr Kyte believes that those of Scottish blood living away from Scotland must exceed 20 millions.

HOME IN COMFORT Now it is sleeping cars on express trains for German war criminals, freed by the Russians. It is all part of the new Soviet plan of "don't let's be beauty to the Germans."

This was revealed by a group of war criminals stuck in Berlin from labour camps.

All were sentenced to long terms by Russian military tribunals. A month ago they were collected from several camps, taken to Moscow, and housed in a villa close to where Field Marshal Paulus lived after his Stalingrad surrender.

The first stage home was a bus tour round Moscow which ended at the railway station. They were given reserved sleepers on the same magnificence scale. Part of the reason for the difference in approach can be found in the temperament of Lord Beaverbrook.

It was almost, but not quite, the end of the story. For just after the steel arrived at Liverpool, the city was bombed. The consignment could not be shifted.

THEY FOUGHT AN AIR WAR ... ON THE TELEPHONE

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

NORTH AMERICAN SUPPLY. By H. Duncan Hall. H.M.S.O. and Longman. 35s. 559 pages.

The observation is just. But more, far more, than temperament was involved. There was a whole region of intimate wartime relations between Britain and the United States of which a history of this kind cannot take sufficient note.

Negotiations took place by conversation, by exchanges on the telephone, a mere scribbled note on half a sheet of paper might be the only record of vital transactions which were meticulously observed.

These were not the methods of civil service or of orthodox government, but rather of the market-place and the manager's office.

The Minister of Aircraft Production, Lord Beaverbrook, persisted in side-tracking the official methods of obtaining American supplies by going direct to President Roosevelt. This charge is true. He was criticised by the British Treasury and other representatives in Washington in a complaining telegram addressed to the Prime Minister and the Minister of Aircraft Production.

"In the same spirit, the President had said that he did not much mind what went down on paper since Mr Churchill, Hopkins and Beaverbrook would be able to compose any difficulties that might arise."

On that high, yet intimate, level of events there may have been difficulties—but there was also an immense flexibility of inspiration as well as arms.

Mr Hall deals with the visit of Churchill to Washington at

the end of 1941, just after Pearl Harbour. Beaverbrook (by that time Minister of Supply) and high military supply officials were with the Prime Minister.

In brief and colourless terms

Mr Hall tells how Beaverbrook

urged on the Americans a 50 percent increase in their targets of arms production.

Some American officials were staggered and sceptical. But Beaverbrook had an intimate knowledge and an immense faith in the production capacities of the United States.

He urged his figures with

damning yet reasoned eloquence

on the Americans. He dealt once

more directly with the Presi-

dent, who was persuaded. And

the vital "raising of the sights"

was decreed which made the

United States at once the greatest military power and the greatest arms supplier on earth.

The Prime Minister cabled home: "Max has been magni-

ficent."

Some at least among those

who do not undervalue what

Beaverbrook accomplished at

MAP and on the Moscow-Mission with Averell Harriman still believe that his

greatest single service during

the war was accomplished in

those few days of hectic high-level diplomacy at Washington.

Rest Of The New Books

RAKE ROCHESTER. By Charles Norman. W. H. Allen. 16s. 222 pages.

Of the "three businesses of this age—women, politics and drinking," Rochester's personal interests left him little time for politics. For five consecutive years he claimed to have been under the influence of drink:

"Oh, that second bottle, Harry, is the sincerest, wisest and most impartial downright friend we have!"

But the downright friend made him indiscriminate in his dealings with women, who were finally the death of him. Only his wit remained unblunted by excess or ill-health.

He invented the name by which Charles is popularly remembered—"A merry monarch, scandalous and poor"; made the best-known epigram on his master:

Here lies our sovereign lord the King
Whose promise none relies on.
He never said a foolish thing
Nor ever did a wise one.

On his deathbed he became a dignified and sincere penitent, convinced after prolonged argument of the truth of Christianity. One of the few couriers who called on him was adjured to turn to God. He rushed back to Whitehall with the news that poor Rochester was mad.

A few days before he died, the poet ordered all his "profane and lewd writings" to be destroyed. A glance at Mr Norman's biography will establish that enough profane and lewd writings have survived the purge.

After 300 years the profane may become historical. The lewd remains lewd.

FABULOUS MOGUL. By D. F. Karraka. Verschoyle. 15s. 176 pages.

THE British reader of this book about the Nizam of Hyderabad will take no pride at all in his account of the wretched circumstances by which the principality was swallowed up by India. But he will be fascinated by a first-hand account of palaces ceding to the strains of "In For Ever Blowing Bubbles," tin trunks full of uncounted emeralds, and a court etiquette which, among other things, prescribes that conversations between the Nizam and his son must be conducted through a third party.

THE STARLESS NIGHT. By John Lodwick. Heinemann. 15s. 399 pages.

HERE he sat within a few hours of final separation from his second wife, with a dreadful sense of liberty from another quarter not to be reckoned with, need, alas, win the loss of a child. Here he sat, talking . . . but feeling nothing.

That is the trouble with Thornton, Lodwick's muddled, exasperating hero, ex-Consular official in Barcelona. He trifles away the time in conversation and soliloquy. The conversation is "terrible"; the silence is "awful"; the trifling is "amazing"; the reveries are "wonderful".

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WEEK-END BOWLS

CRUCIAL LAST MATCH TODAY WILL DECIDE WHICH TEAM GETS RELEGATED

By "TOUCHER"

The two lowest-placed First Division teams, Indian Recreation Club "Gold" and Recreio "Whites", come in for their share of the spotlight this afternoon as the Colony Lawn Bowls League season approaches its end.

The two teams clash at Sookunpoo in a crucial last match of the season to decide who will be the wooden-spoonists of the year and the team that will go down into the Second Division next season.

The Recreio "Whites" are ahead by one point and have the extra advantage of being down by only 127.57 shots as against the 159 shots of the Indians. A 3-2 win will see them retain their position in the First Division, and even a 2-3 defeat still gives them a chance of edging out their rivals in the number of shots down for the season.

The Indians need at least a 4-1 win to escape relegation, and on the strength of their reshuffled line-up this afternoon I doubt very much if they can take more than one point from this game.

I understand that one rink in which O. Sadick will take over the skip's role from A. H. Seemlin who will pine as lead, will be considerably weakened by the absence of Benny Omar.

GOOD SEASON

The Second Division concludes this afternoon with the match between Kowloon Cricket Club and Filipino Club.

Competition has been extremely keen in this division this season—even keener, in fact, than in the First Division. Victories have been registered by such teams as KCC, USRC and HKCC over the top-placed teams and an excellent spirit prevailed in all these games.

Only Police Recreation Club proved to be that shade weaker than the others, but a word of compliment must be paid to the Police bowlers for the very fine manner in which they took their defeats during the season.

OPEN TRIPLES

Tomorrow the Colony Open Triples event will reach its final stage with the play-off of the two semi-finals at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club.

Both games promise a high standard of bowls and extremely close fights.

Craigengower Cricket Club has been again lucky in the draw, having its two surviving combinations in different halves, and its representatives will be given that extra urge of making it an all-Craigengower final as they have done in the rinks event.

George Hong Choy, F. O. Madar and S. Leonard, conquerors of the Lutz brothers, have been drawn against Indian Recreation Club's I. Ali, M. B. Hassan and A. M. Omar in the first match.

Both threes have been playing some brilliant bowls in their recent matches and much will depend on the form of the day. For the Indians, both Hassan and Omar will have to be right fit top form if they expect to go through.

All did not seem very happy in his position as lead in the last

match and here opposing lead George Hong Choy will start off with definite advantage.

On the Craigengower side, Fred Macrae may be expected to hold his own against Hassan, but whether Stanley Leonard can produce that extra bit to lead his side through remains the unpredictable question. On regular form, the Indians have a slight edge on their opponents.

In the second match, KCC's A. V. Lops, E. R. Rossetti and C. R. Rossotti will start off as slight favourites against Craigengower's C. K. Sung, C. C. Ma and A. H. Seemlin who were not really impressive when they won their quarter-final round. Skip Seemlin, especially, will have to play much better if his side is to get past the well-balanced KCC three with their aggressive play.

TODAY'S GAMES
First Division

KCC v. KCC
Recreio "Blues" v. KBGC
IRC "Gold" v. Recreio "Whites"
IRC "Blues" v. PRC

Second Division
KCC v. FC

Third Division
KCC v. HKERC
FC v. KDC

(Skips' Tables are on Page 17)

SPORTING SAM



By Reg. Wootton

FIRMANI GETS GOLF CLUBS AS A PRESENT

Eddie Firmani, the 22-year-old Sandeman (Italy) inside-forward, transferred from Charlton Athletic towards the end of the English close season, will be playing golf with a brand new bag of clubs this year. Mrs Firmani and seven-month-old son Paul left London for Genoa this week.

The golf clubs—a gift to Eddie from his old club in recognition of his services—went with them.

Firmani made 103 League and Cup appearances for Charlton, scoring 51 goals. He equalled the club's individual scoring record in the League with five goals against Aston Villa last February.

Low Head, who starred in Australia's 5-0 Davis Cup win over the United States, may turn professional. Jack Kramer has openly said Head looks the best prospect for his professional tennis circus.

Low, who is still only 20, will not commit himself. But he says: "If the offer is good enough, how can I pass it up?"

SOVIET RUNNER

Vladimir Kuts, the Leningrad sailor who lost by a stride to Chris Chataway when the Englishman broke the World's 5,000 Metres record at the White City last October, is in the Soviet team to meet Britain in Moscow on September 11. Chataway and Kuts have each beaten the other once—and each time it was a world record.

Bill Johnston, one of the most popular Australian cricketers who was written off from big cricket because of a knee injury, hopes to be able to play again in the current Australian season.

Johnston injured his knee at East Molesey in 1953. The knuckle went again in June during the last Test against the West Indies. Doctors at first thought the damage was beyond repair.

FOUR TIMES CHAMPION

Johnny Leach, the former World Table Tennis Champion, heads the English National ranking list just published in London.

Richard Bergmann, four times World Champion, is ranked second, with Brian Kennedy, the 22-year-old Yorkshirian, third. In the Women's section, Rosalind Rose is ranked No. 1 with sister Diane and 16-year-old Ann Haydon joint second.

Alec Stock, manager of Leyton Orient Football Club, has been elected team-manager of the League Division Three (South) side to meet the Third Division (North) in the second of the annual games between the two leagues on Accrington Stanley's ground on October 13.—London Express Service.

SPORTS QUIZ

- What football clubs have the following nicknames?
(a) The Huns. (b) The Lumb. (c) The Moeps. (d) The Robins. (e) The Canaries.
- What is the most famous annual Yachting event?
- How many players make a team in (a) Rugby Union football. (b) Rugby League football. (c) Polo. (d) Water Polo?
- What is the name of the Yachting Cup competed for between Great Britain and America?
- Nationalities, please, of these famous sporting personalities: Lennox Constantine, Eddie Firmani, Jack Young, Randolph Turpin.
- When did England last win the Wightman Cup?
- Sporting acronyms: OMT BYFNNI, RIS NEVSLTA, OSRU, CKAJ EEMACHHT, OYR WBOINSRNU.
- Which Negro was the World Heavyweight Champion in the 1930s?
- What is the difference between the off-side rule in hockey and in soccer?
- What is the lowest weight category in boxing?

(Answers See Page 17)

Money Is The Root Of Current Soccer Evils Today

Says DON REVIE

Down and down go the attendances at many League matches. Up and up goes the rating assessment on many Football League grounds. Not enough money coming into the game as there was in the boom years. Too much being taken out through one kind of taxation or another.

Is it any wonder some professional footballers consider they belong to a distressed industry? I don't expect many football fans will agree with that because they read so often about the big names on £15 a week, many with jobs outside football which may put them in the £2,000 a year income bracket.

But did you know the average "life" of a footballer is seven years, and that the average income is £28 a week? Now can you wonder why so many brilliant young players say "No thank you" when football managers try to sign them on professional forms?

STEADY JOB

What lad today is going to quit the pit to play football? He may love the game, but on the one hand has a steady job which over the years will bring him in far more than he will earn at Soccer, unless he is one of the lucky ones.

Yet how different is the situation on the continent where they have a glut of top class talent. Kopé the French centre-forward told me he is paid £150 a month, plus a £20 bonus if his team wins, or £10 if they draw. Eddie Firmani has left Charlton Athletic to go into Italian football on somewhat similar terms. Can you blame him?

A rich prize awaits the continental lad who is prepared to work hard to reach the top. He feels the effort is worth the risk. In British football there is no comparable incentive for many youngsters to take the same risks their fathers did. And the list of first class players who also take jobs outside football for their future security steadily grows.

Tom Finney has his plumbing business; Len Shackleton and Ken Chisholm have shops; Roy Bentley, Nat Lofthouse, Trevor Ford and Ken Armstrong are all salesmen. Even these great players dare not rely solely on football for their future. Surely that is all wrong.

GREATER REWARDS

British football cries out for great players and personalities; yet we will never attract the intelligent type of chap the game needs unless there is more incentive. Certainly I know more and more professional footballers are worried about their future.

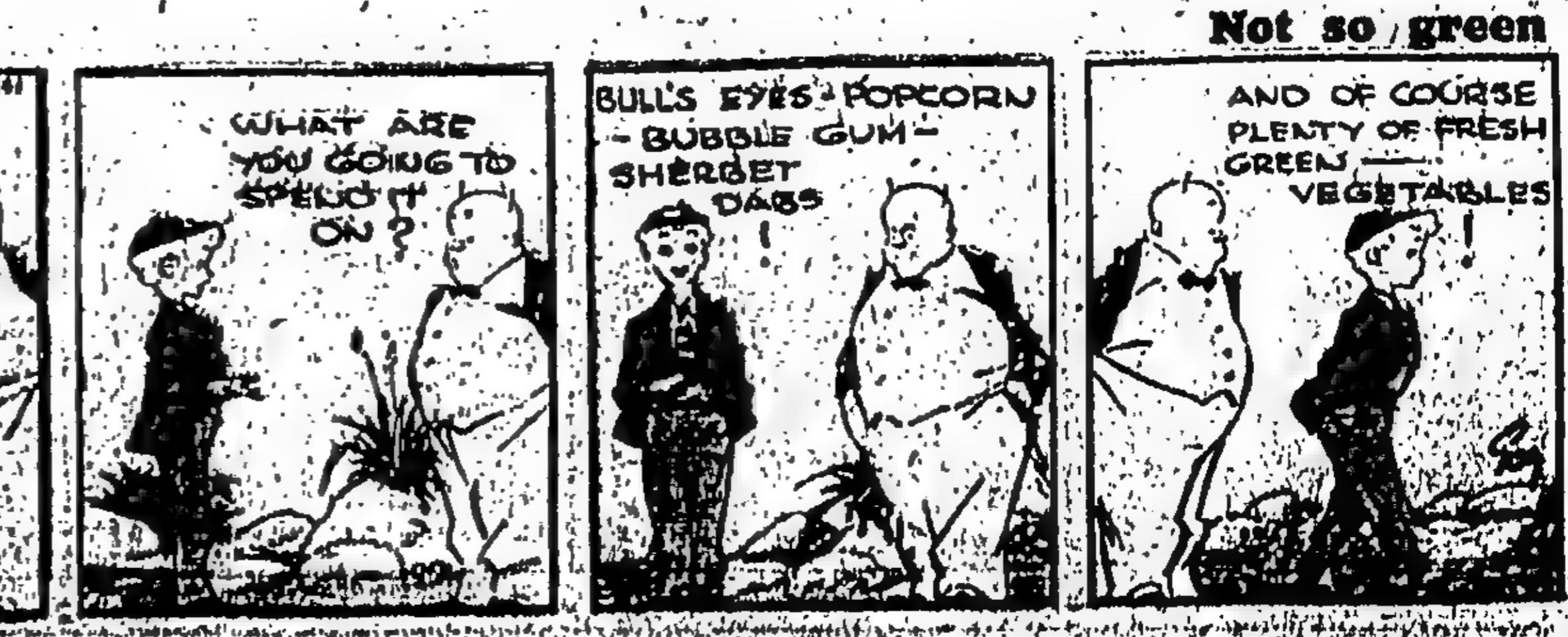
The first positive step is to offer greater rewards. Even more important is that youngsters coming into the game should be safeguarded that they have another trade or profession to rely on. This should be written into a player's contract.

And what of you, the fans? Without greater support at the turnstiles the game will decline even further. The solution may be to have not only Soccer grounds, but sports centres, where the people of a town can participate in every type of sport.

Soccer will not die in this country. But we must counteract the challenge of other forms of entertainment by making soccer itself more attractive. For the player it must be an occupation more competitive with the rewards of competitive.

For the spectator, not only football, is the answer, but new ideas for new times, better amenities and the presentation of such extra items as gymnastic displays, minor children's meetings or junior games before League matches.

(COPRIGHT)





Mrs Leila Buckland

British Housewife Is Now One Of The World's Top Milers

Three years ago, a letter arrived at a London suburban newspaper office. It was from a 27-year-old Biggin Hill (Kent) housewife who asked the newspaper to put her in touch with a local athletic club. For, as she wrote: "I find housekeeping leaves me with too much time on my hands." She was Mrs Leila Buckland, who duly became a member of Cambridge Harriers, one of the most prominent clubs in South London.

That was three years ago. Now Leila Buckland is one of Britain's, indeed the world's top women milers.

Last week-end she added to her previous successes by setting up an unofficial World record for the Two Miles on her club track at Charlton Park.

She won an invitation Two Miles race in 11 min. 1.8 secs. The previous best known time for that distance was 11 min. 27.2 secs by Mrs Phyllis Perkins of Ilford A.C.

But Mrs Buckland's time can never be accepted as a record. The longest distance recognised for records in women's athletics is 800 yards.

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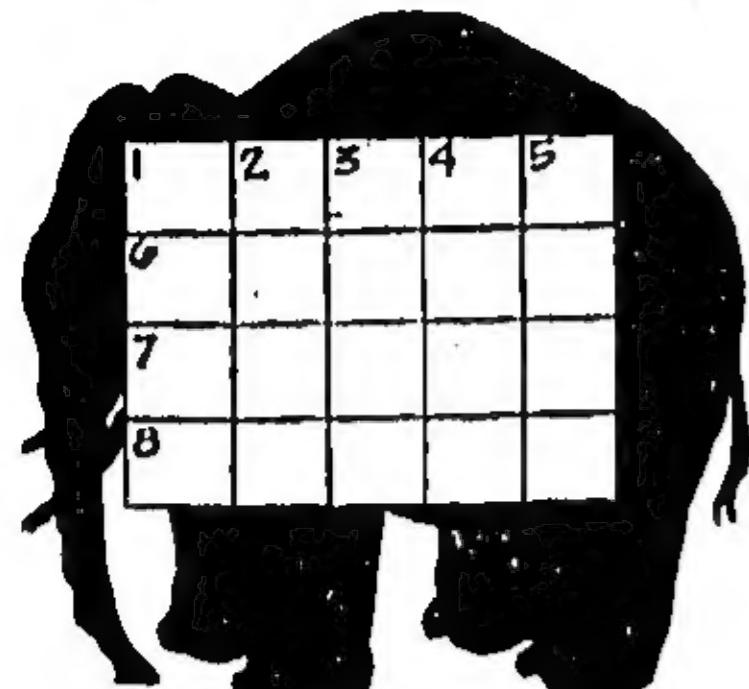
FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

To give it a circus touch, cartoonist Cal has placed this week's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of an elephant:



ACROSS

- 1 The circus has side —
- 6 The lion tamer is in constant —
- 7 Get up
- 8 Stormed

DOWN

- 1 Most
- 2 Olympian goddess
- 3 Original (n.b.)
- 4 Discreet
- 5 Winter vehicle

DIAMOND

You may see a GORILLA at the circus and the Puzzlement has used one for the centre of his word diamond. The second word is "a spinning toy"; third "beginners"; fifth "parrot's name"; and sixth "crafty". Finish the diamond from the given clues:

G
O
R
L
A

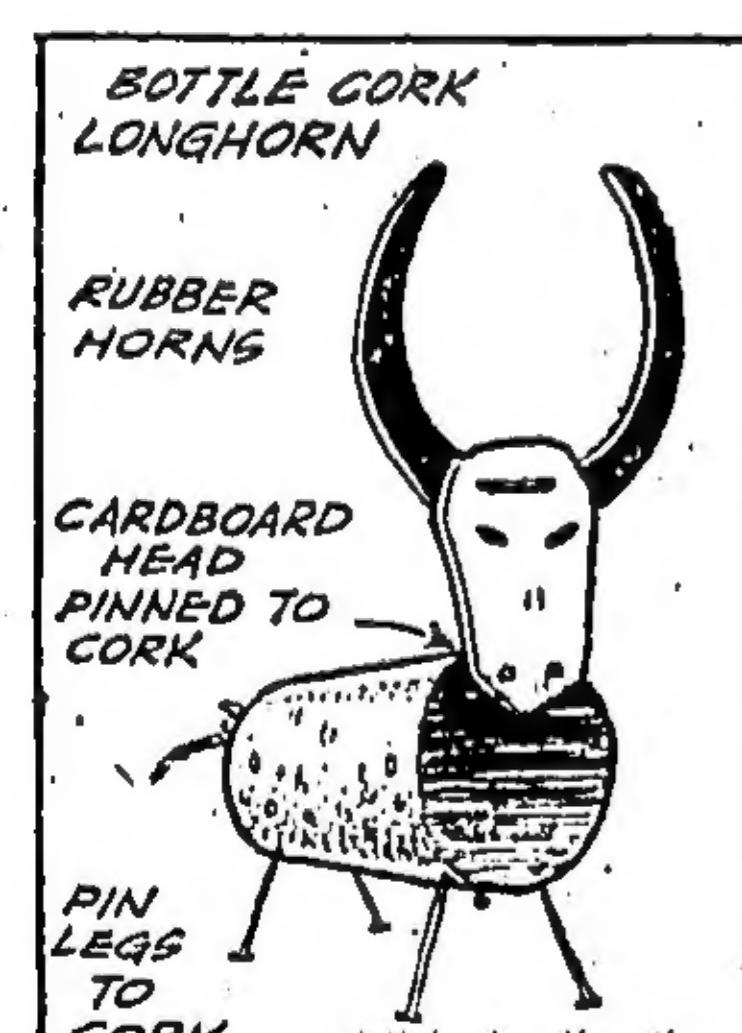
HIDDEN CIRCUS ANIMALS

Each of these sentences contains a hidden circus animal. Can you find them?

The field was full of dandelions.

The prospector decided to plan the remainder of the pile before stopping for the day.

INGENIOUS ANIMAL MADE WITH SCRAPS



You can make ingenious animals with scraps like bottle corks and rubber jar rings.

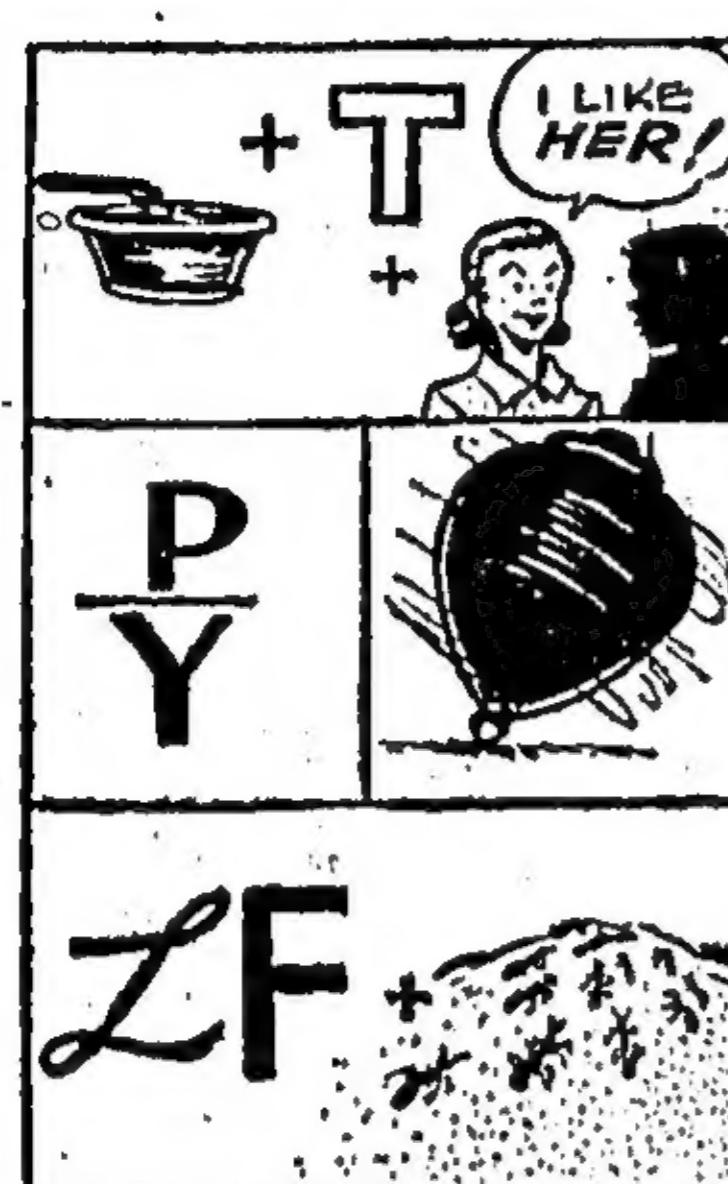
CIRCUS MIX-UPS

Rearrange the letters in each line to find the three circus people hidden in them:

TAB CORA
NORMA-TILE
SOUR OAT TUB

CIRCUS REBUS

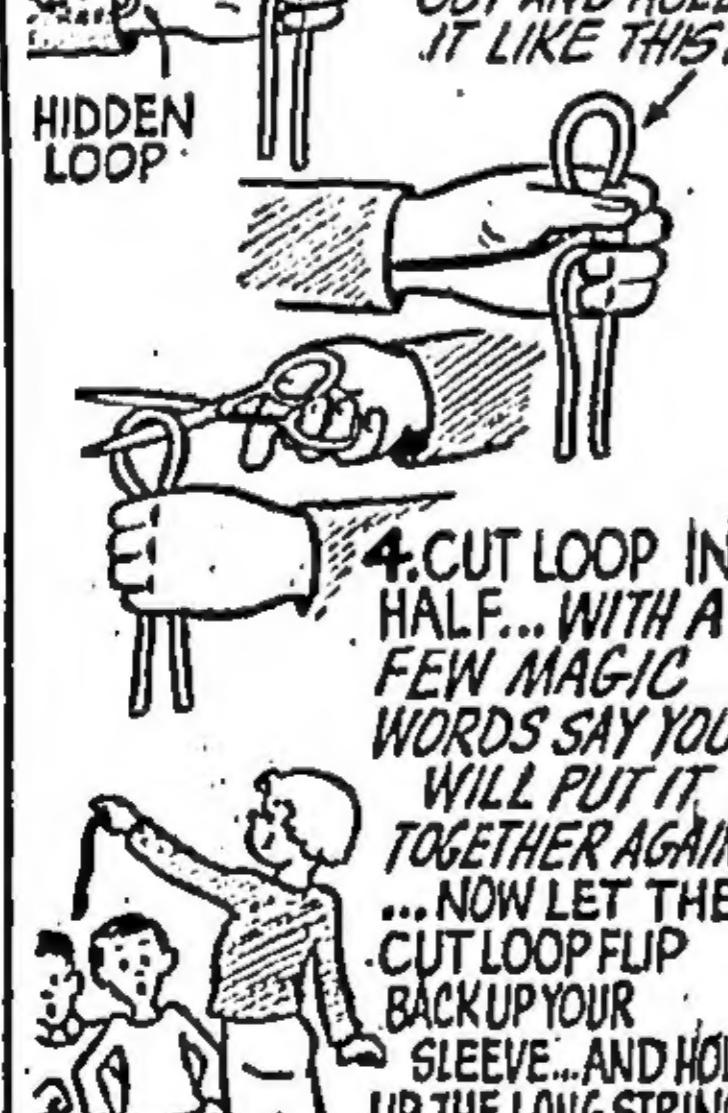
By using the words and pictures to full advantage, you'll easily find the four things you can see at a circus which have been concealed in this rebus:



(Solutions on Page 20)



HERE'S HOW TO CUT A STRING IN HALF AND MAKE YOUR FRIENDS BELIEVE YOU HAVE PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN.



You can make ingenious animals with scraps like bottle corks and rubber jar rings.

ZOO'S WHO



THE WORLD'S STRONGEST CREATURE IN PROPORTION TO SIZE, ACCORDING TO ENTOMOLOGISTS, IS THE BEETLE WHICH COULD LIFT A WEIGHT OF SIXTY TONS IF IT WERE AS LARGE AS A MAN.

CUCKOOS AND A FEW OTHER SPECIES LAY THEIR EGGS IN NESTS OF OTHER BIRDS, LETTING THE FOSTER PARENTS HATCH THE EGGS AND RAISE THE YOUNG.

MONKEYS HAVE BLACK PIGMENT CELLS IN THEIR SKIN WHICH THEY CAN CONTRACT OR EXPAND WHEN THEY ARE ENLARGED. WHILE IT IS FAIRER WHEN THE PIGMENT CELLS ARE CONTRACTED.

The World's Largest Rose Bush Traces Back To A Homesick Girl

By Evelyn Witter

TOMBSTONE, once the mightiest city between El Paso and San Francisco, known for its history of gun fights and cruel mobs, celebrates another kind of riot every year in April or May. "The Town Too Tough to Die" has a Rose Festival then in celebration of its riot of roses.

The town can be proud of its roses, for it has the biggest rose bush in the world. The bush first got its title as "The Biggest" from a stranger-than-fiction author who wrote:

"Eighty-eight thousand blooms on one rose bush, the world's largest rose bush, in Tombstone, Ariz., covers 1,750 square feet. A hundred people can be, and in fact, have been, comfortably seated at lunch at the same time beneath the giant rose bush that grows in the patio of the Rose Tree Inn. More than 7,000 bouquets of a dozen flowers each might be picked from its branches at once and still leave a few thousand roses."

The folks wanted to cheer her and so they sent her a slip from a bush of white roses in their garden. They thought this little bit of home would be a pleasant sight and would ease her loneliness in the strange and difficult country which was to be her home.

The Scotch lass planted the slip from the white Lady Banksia rose from Scotland and tended it carefully. It grew more beautiful each year. That was over 60 years ago. Today it is world famous.

And Lady Banksia might become even more important in



the future if two women members of Congress have anything to say about it. These two women, Rep. Frances Bolton of Ohio, and Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, introduced legislation on Jan. 10 asking that the rose be made the national flower of the United States.

In a brief speech in the House, Mrs. Bolton said:

"The United States is the only major country in the world without a national flower.

"The rose has long represented courage, loyalty, love and devotion, and has become an international symbol of peace... Recent opinion polls show roses to be the overwhelming favourite of the American people."

Should the rose become the American national flower, then Tombstone's biggest rose bush would become important as the biggest bearer of the national flower.

Tombstone is on transcontinental U.S. Highway 80, in case you have the opportunity to see the biggest rose bush in the world for yourself.

The girls laughed as they dropped the luscious grapes

A SHORT STORY

The Wonderful Scheme Boomerangs

BECAUSE Joan Allen and Joyce Carey were friends of the same age, they enjoyed playing together.

Joan's brother, Barry, being a boy and so much younger than they, was a bother to them. When forced to, they unhappily dragged him along. Poor Barry could never keep his skates on and they had to keep fixing his straps. When swimming, they had to stay in the shallow water for Barry couldn't swim. Besides, he asked endless questions.



into the basket, calling them, too, as they went along. Joan's mother called to the girls. "Why don't you girls leave the bottom for Barry to do?"

"Oh, no, Mother," wailed Joan. "We don't want his help. We're doing this purposely."

"So that's it," mused Mrs. Allen. "Well, be sure you finish the job if you're so anxious to do it without him."

Later Barry walked into the yard, dragging a big box behind him. "Let me help, let me help! Why didn't you wait for me?" He stood on tiptoe and strained to reach the grapes, but he couldn't quite make it.

The girls looked meaningfully at each other and tried not to giggle.

"I can't reach," he said sadly. "The day wore on and the grape picking seemed to take longer and longer. The girls worked more slowly, chattered less. Their backs ached and their hands were stained and tired. The job wasn't much fun any more.

"Can't we stop picking?" asked Joyce.

"Mother said we had to finish the job if we did it without Barry's help. I'm sick of looking at these old grapes. Barry can't reach them, and he's not allowed on the ladder. I guess we're stuck." She looked longingly at Barry, who was contentedly sulking away at the paper box. "He looks like he's having fun," she added begrudgingly.

"They don't taste so good anymore," said Joyce. "I think I ate too many. Do you feel a little sickish?"

Jean nodded sympathetically. On and on they worked.

Mrs. Allen stood in the doorway watching. She smiled to herself. "I guess they've learned their lesson. The best laid plans of mice and men go oft astray."

— FERN SIMMS

Have Fun With The Atmosphere

THE results of the following simple experiments are so startling that four inches to project at first they seem hard to explain.

Place on a smooth table top (C) a piece of wood 8 or 12 inches wide, about 18

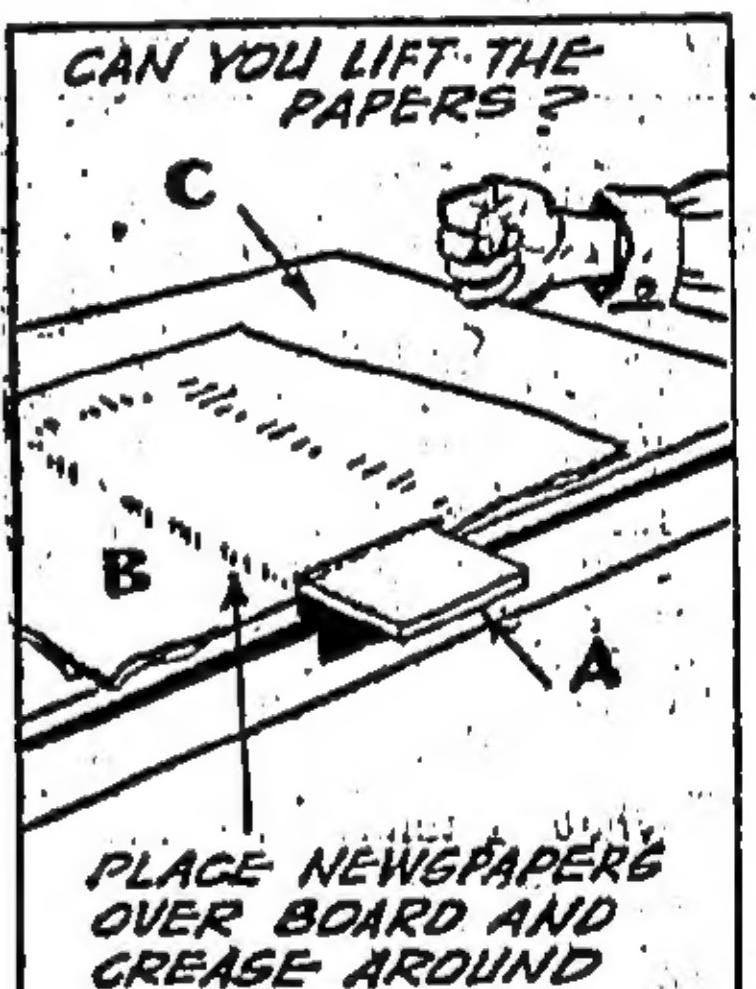
inches long and less than an inch thick. Allow about an inch thick. The paper should be creased by the fingers around the edges into the angle formed by the board and the surface of the table.

Madagascar Honours French Marshal

FOR all the splendours it has given the world, France cannot be said to have a brilliant record as a colonial Power. She lost Indo-China when that rich country could have been held by a more enlightened policy. She faces a similar disaster in Algeria and Morocco. And only in Tunisia has revolt been averted by giving the people a large measure of home rule.

But among the French possessions overseas from which we hear not even a whisper of discontent is the island of Madagascar, off East Africa.

There, eminently successful methods of colonial government



CAN YOU LIFT THE PAPERS?

PLACE NEWSPAPERS OVER BOARD AND GREASE AROUND EDGES

Now, even light pressure with the finger at A will raise up the opposite end.

BUT—the most violent quick blow that can be delivered by the fist at A will not raise the board from the table! In fact, the projecting end can be splintered and broken by a quick blow from a hammer, almost as if the board were bolted or nailed to the table.

Why? This surprising effect is due to atmospheric pressure. When a quick blow is struck at the projecting end, A, the newspaper forms a temporary joint between the board and the table, and a partial vacuum is produced under the board. As a result, the great atmospheric pressure acting on the surface of the board holds it down firmly.

As an illustration of what this pressure may be, let us assume that the portion of the board on the table is 8 by 12 inches. We have, then, 96 square inches. At a pressure of 16 pounds to the square inch, the total downward atmospheric pressure acting on the board is 1,440 pounds.

The board used should have smooth surfaces. A box cover answers the purpose.

The atmosphere we live in is full of atmospheric pressure and it acts like a giant magnet.

Marshall Lyautey died in 1934. He is now honoured in this stamp from Madagascar which is recognized and sells in London at 6d.—J. A. A.

Rupert und Dinkie—16



Rupert is as keen as Tiberly to find the lost wand, and he helps his teacher step by step through the rough undergrowth. He decides: "There are three paths up the hill. I'll tell them to my master, Mr. Merlin. Now we must march both ways. Must march both ways."

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A Magical Super Zoo

—It Has Two-Headed Dragons and a Unicorn—

By MAX TRELL



easy to grow. Choose several specimens with good roots.

Bury roots well to hold plants up. Plant a small Coleus slip for sun. Sprinkle a few grass seeds to "carpet" the garden.

On one side, the viewing side, leave an open space for coloured gravel and the larger rocks. Here you might also place a small plastic or glass frog or turtle.

Water the completed jar lightly and cover to hold the moisture. If the sides of the jar stay moist, your garden is fine and needs no extra water.

Place moss pieces close together, green side down, over the bottom and up on the sides of the jar to a height of about three inches.

Next add a thin layer of gravel mixed with crushed pieces of charcoal. Cover with sifted leaf mould, put in through a funnel to keep jar sides clean. Fill to top of moss, about three inches deep.

Remove plants when they become too large or diseased. Replant with different things from time to time for added enjoyment. Even experiment with different kinds of seeds and plants.

They took a bus to the end of the line and then another bus to the end of another line. Knarf and Handi had never been out that far before but as they got off the bus at the end of the second line, Mr. Merlin smiled and pointed ahead. And sure enough, there was a big sign which read: Super Zoo.

Knarf and Handi both looked at Mr. Merlin in surprise. "Why, we've never been to this zoo before!" Handi said.

"Go they all went in." The first animal they saw was a dragon with two heads!

Knarf and Handi could hardly believe their own eyes. Knarf said: "We've never even seen a dragon with one head let alone one with two heads, Mr. Merlin!"

"Won't you have some fun?" Mr. Merlin said. "There's a unicorn!" said Mr. Merlin. "haven't you ever seen a unicorn before?"

"Handi said: "There aren't any such animals as unicorns. Mr. Merlin is right."

The Unicorn

Mr. Merlin threw the creature two granits, one for each head.

The next animal they saw was a horse with a large pointed horn in the middle of his forehead.

"It's a unicorn," said Mr. Merlin. "haven't you ever seen a unicorn before?"

"Handi said: "There aren't any such animals as unicorns. Mr. Merlin is right."

were put into operation many years ago by one of France's most distinguished soldiers—

Marshall Louis Lyautey.

He was made a marshal for his work not in Madagascar, but in Morocco. The government sent him there in 1912 to quell disorders and consolidate the recently declared Protectorate.

Immediately on arrival he relieved the garrison besieged in the town of Fez and initiated the work of pacification and colonization which was to result in the creation of a well-organized government on a solid basis.

Lyautey organized vicious resistance to attacks of the Rif tribesmen under Abdel Krim.

Lyautey died in 1934. He is now honoured in this stamp from Madagascar which is recognized and sells in London at 6d.—J. A. A.



"I'd like to apply for the position left vacant when I was fired yesterday."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

BORN today, you have a tremendous store of energy and are always on the "go". You enjoy outdoor life and will be happiest if you can spend part of your time in the country: camping, fishing, hunting, swimming and hiking.

You are, as a rule, guided by your impulses and are inclined to be moody. Learn to control this feeling, for it may make life more difficult for you than it should be. There are surprises in store—some pleasant, some not so good. But, with positive action and self-control you will always be able to meet every situation complacently and confidently.

You have an affectionate nature and, although inclined to be stubborn in having your own way, you can be influenced by those you love. In fact, you need to be a little careful in this regard, for you often go against your best judgment so as not to hurt someone—and then regret it later on. Fond of having your own home, you should wed at an early age and have a house full of children!

Among those born on this date are: Carl Van Doren, critic and author; Bessie Love, actress; Nichols Biddle, naval hero; William T. Harris, educator; Jeppe Asbjørn, Danish poet; Pontus Bigelow and Franz Werfel, authors; Noah Davis, jurist; Henry Carey Baird, publisher.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A good, sensible sermon at church this morning might help you to revise some of your plans.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—There may be some good news for you today so that you can enjoy the day thoroughly.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If a change in housing quarters is being contemplated, you may hear of something good today.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This can be one of your good days this month. You would accidentally hear of some good fortune.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you are asked to take charge of a youth group in your church, accept, by all means.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Make this a quiet Sunday at home with your family, a few close friends, some good books and music.

BORN today, you have a powerful personality with many capabilities for success in whatever field you enter. Yours is a brilliant, all-round mentality and you are interested in a variety of things. You are practical and have good, common sense. A splendid judge of human nature, you are never fooled by appearances and bluffer has little chance to impress you.

You are a gregarious individual and are not intended to live the life of a hermit. Magnetic and charming, you will attract a host of friends into your orbit. You also have a strong love-nature and should wed early in life so that you will have your own family growing up around you.

Although you have a great deal of nervous energy and can work very hard when necessary, you are not as robust physically, as you might be. Take care of your health, especially during the middle years. Learn not to worry and you'll find life is much easier!

Among those born on this date are: Archbishop John Ireland; John B. Thatche, statesman; William S. Macay, landscape painter; O. Henry, D. H. Lawrence and Gene Markey, authors; Sarah Baché, philanthropist; Josiah Whitney, patriot.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Better for you not to receive confidences if you know they will be difficult to keep. It's wiser.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Your ambitions may appear to have received a sudden setback. Stay calm and all should turn out right in the end.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Beter not to criticize a close associate unless you can tactfully suggest a better idea!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You may need to be arbitrarily forceful if you are to put across an important idea today.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be very tactful if you find it necessary to refuse a neighbour some special favour.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can turn out to be a satisfactory day if you can be patient and wait for opportunities.

GIRL NEXT DOOR DOESN'T TALK ABOUT DOLLARS

New Records By Francis Martin

LONDON. THREE years ago few outside her family circle knew there was or ever would be a Joan Regan. With her blondness, blue eyes, pearly smile and lollipop singing, she is now high on the nation's list of Loved Ones. But let success speak for itself:

"Biggest record I have made so far, 'If I Give My Heart To You,' has sold nearly 400,000 in less than a year. I sang that number four times on TV. Each time I sang it on TV 50,000 people rushed out and bought the record who otherwise would have waited quite a while or mightn't have bought it at all. Doris Day did the same number. I topped her mark over here. But I shouldn't say that, should I? People will be calling me Big Head."

SWOONMAKING

In America recently she did 34 broadcasts and television shows in three weeks. Soon she will be partnering singer Frankie Laine as leading girl in a film to be made here by a subsidiary of Columbia (U.S.A.). Theme: comedy English chit who bewitches a swoonmaking American boy star.

In one way or another, then, Miss Regan must be ankle-deep in delicious dollars. But dollars are a thorn. Miss Regan is averse to discussing. "They're building me up," she coyly explains, with a hint of Romford (Essex) accent, "as a girl-next-door type. Dollars would strike the wrong note."

How about pounds sterling, then? A tabloid blog in Miss Regan's current variety programme puts her overall earnings at £10,000 a year. That right? Yes, says Miss Regan with some distaste; she guesses it works out about that.

SO MODEST

Now Miss Regan is the opposite number of two male heart-throbs (English) who claim to be earning £25,000 or £30,000 a year. I find her estimate surprisingly modest. Can it be that somebody is adding up wrongly?

But even a pittance of £10,000 a year was beyond her girl-hood visions. Daughter of an Irish building trade immigrant—in one time he had a little business of his own—she left secondary school at 16. At 17 she married an ex-airborne Lieutenant of the U.S. Army from whom she has parted, though the marriage is not dissolved. It was early in 1952 that she returned to this country. With her she brought their children, Danny (now eight) and Rusty (five).

To help out she took a three-day-a-week job in a Long Acre fruit merchant's office. Remained

Orange Juice Said Good For Energy

RESEARCH workers at Pennsylvania State University have supplied some information which may or may not cause consternation in the board rooms of soft-drink firms.

For those in need of that late-afternoon pick-me-up, the advice from Penn State is: "Reach for the orange juice."

A study conducted by Drs Pauline Berry Mack and Maloise Sturdevant Dixon revealed that a swig of orange juice is one of the best ways to increase energy and avoid fatigue.

Furthermore, added the citrus-favouring doctors, orange juice accomplishes this revitalisation without the aid of laboratory developed miracle ingredients—just plain old sugar and vitamin C.

* * *

Drs Mack and Dixon based their conclusions on endurance tests in which 140 children and 25 adults participated. The research workers found that after an intake of 10 ounces of frozen orange juice, the subjects could do more push-ups and sit-ups and were less tired after running up and down steps.

Furthermore, some mental stimulus was indicated because the volunteers turned in better jobs on written examinations.

However, anyone hoping to turn a fizzy hand-clap into a joke like Al Capone best forget about it. They found "no significant difference" in hand strength, even after a healthy swig or two of juice. United Press

boring that at 14 she had won an amateur singing joust, she began training her voice between bouts of invoice drafting. In less than a year she signed her first contract with Decca. Three months after that (June 1953) she became a topliner with "Ricochet," which, she reckons, has sold 350,000.

On the stage, wearing a frothy white crinoline against a mellow-purple backdrop punctured with flaming golden stars, she looks as sweetly fragile as any chocolate box girl. Off-stage she is the scurrying, chattering Little Woman. When the money started coming in last year she snapped up an eight-room house—"five bed, three recs," she explains—at Sidcup for £3,000 and spent another £2,000 on pulling out its inside and putting in a new one after her dreams.

CROSS-COUNTRY

When far out on variety circuits she will motor 30 miles across country and catch a London main-line sleeper at two in the morning to spend the old day at Sidcup with Danny and Rusty, her scateurs and her lawnmower. When she has learned to drive the Vauxhall '54 she bought a month or two ago, these hemsing journeys will be simplified.

Sidcup, she says, is her true centre of gravity. Not that domesticity makes her the typical girl-next-door. If all girls-next-door were as toothsome as Joan Regan, all men would stay home daylong, watching hopefully out of the front window.

NOT ALWAYS

Good for the eyes, then. But not always sweet on the ear. A recent release (10in. 78r.) is: (a) "Nobody Danced with Me"; (b) "Just Say You Love Her." DECCA F10521, two bits of drooping, drugging doggerel. Voice: steel-hard—coarse. Emotional dithers shrewdly applied. Cold calculation behind the near-tears. On side (a) Miss Regan sings of a ballroom where caroles danced. Among English pop singers bastard Yank has long been a dread vogue.

White to play: mate in three.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1, Kt-Q6; any; 2, Q, R, or Kt mates.

Opening lead—Q

since dummy had three losing black cards, with only one trump left in the South hand.

It wouldn't have helped South if he had drawn a third round of trumps before leading the king of diamonds. The bad break in diamonds would prevent him from establishing his long suit, and he would wind up with only eight or nine tricks.

South could have made his contract if he hadn't led the king of diamonds when he did. Instead, the correct play is to lead a low diamond—giving the trick up.

South still has two trumps in his hand, and can ruff a club or spade return. He now ruffs a diamond with dummy's king of hearts and returns dummy's last trump to the jack, thus drawing West's last trump. Only now is it proper to lead the king of diamonds, after which the rest of South's diamonds are established.

This line of play would give up one trick needlessly if the diamonds broke 3-2, but South would still make 10 tricks. The play assures the game contract if diamonds break unfavourably, as they did in the actual hand.

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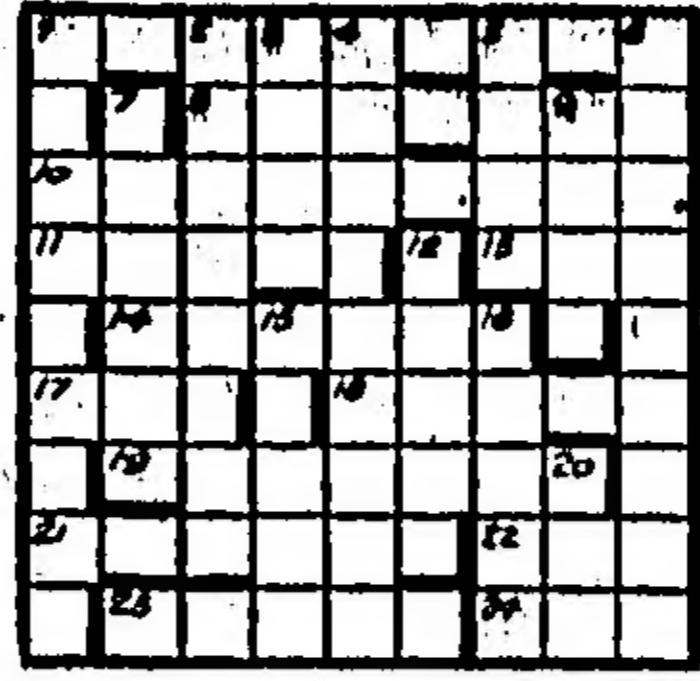
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CROSSWORD



JACOBY ON BRIDGE

It Looks Easy, But Watch Out!

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY'S hand looks very easy. You lose one trump trick and one diamond, and then you ought to ruff the rest. That's what South thought when he played the hand—but he wound up minus 100 points!

West opened the queen of spades, and South won with the king. He led the queen of hearts, holding the trick, and continued with another heart. West took the ace of trumps and led another spade to knock out the ace.

South led a low diamond, and dummy's queen forced out the ace. East returned a club, and South took the ace. Now South made the fatal mistake of leading the king of diamonds, and the hand collapsed.

West ruffed and led the king of clubs, forcing South to ruff with his third trump. South couldn't set up the diamonds, for East still had two high cards in the suit. It was equally impossible to set up the dummy.

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